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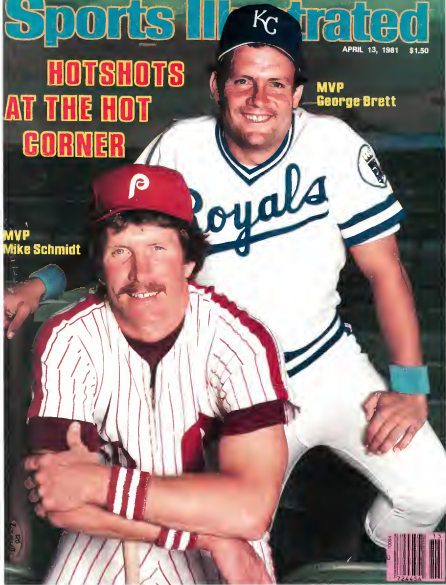
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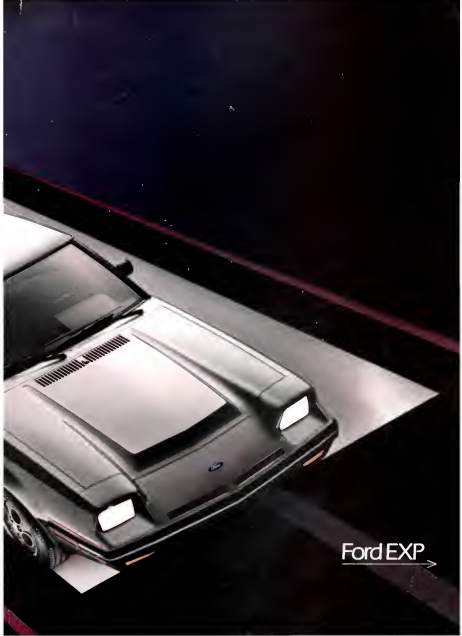
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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

NEW COURSE NEEDED

Louisiana high school athletic officials are having trouble explaining away an ugly incident involving two black golfers at St. Frederick Catholic High, an integrated school of 300 students in Monroe. The trouble occurred when St. Frederick showed up to compete in a 12-team tournament in Blustrop, La. only to be told that because the event was being held on a segregated private course, the two black team members, Detrand Lloyd and Lesley Williams, wouldn't be allowed to play. Armed Mathews, St. Frederick's athletic director, says he offered to withdraw his team but that Lloyd and Williams volunteered not to participate rather than deprive their white teammates of the chance to do so. Incredibly, Mathews, tournament officials and everybody else involved acquiesced. The event was held without Lloyd and Williams, who went sightseeing because they weren't even allowed to stay and watch the event.

If the banning of the two black youngsters was disquieting, so is the reaction to it. Asked if he still felt his decision to let the team play without Lloyd and Williams had been right, Mathews said, "The kids felt like it was so in that regard, I do, too." Sister Clarice Fahus, the principal of St. Frederick, said, "It's not that big of an issue, and there's no reason to keep badgering us about it." Frank Spruiell, commissioner of the Louisiana High School Athletic Association, deplored what he called a "very unfortunate situation and an embarrassing one," but he also said, "Unfortunately every school and every area doesn't have a municipal course. Some schools wouldn't have a team if they didn't use the private clubs. This is true even in tennis, and sometimes swimming. So we don't knock the local clubs that cooperate with the high schools."

Spruiell is no doubt right in suggesting that some schools in Louisiana, like a good many elsewhere, might have to abandon golf if they didn't play on pri-

vate courses. But one has to question whether it is worth maintaining a golf program if matches have to be held on segregated courses—even if there are no blacks playing on participating teams at the moment. The use of such courses not only reinforces segregation generally but may also discourage some black youngsters from taking up the game. Besides, alternatives to segregated courses often exist, as Spruiell himself seemed to concede when, referring to schools hosting golf tournaments in his state, he urged that henceforth, "If any school they're inviting does have blacks, they're going to have to pick a place they can play." It apparently didn't occur to Mr. Spruiell that they might be better off simply picking courses where blacks can play period.

ISIAH & MOSES

By winning the NCAA basketball championship after losing nine regular-season games (against 21 wins), Isiah Thomas and his Indiana University teammates set a new standard for such things, the previous record for most losses by an NCAA champ was seven (against 20 wins) by Marquette in 1976-77. But when it comes to peaking in postseason play, nobody compares with the 1937-38 Chicago Black Hawks, who won the Stanley Cup despite a regular-season record of 14-25-9. Other teams that sealed the highs after relatively mediocre seasons include the NFL champion New York Giants in 1934 (regular-season record 8-5-.615) and the 1974 world champion Oakland A's (90-72, .556). In the NBA, the Washington Bullets took the league title in 1977-78, despite going only 44-38 during the regular season, a "record" that the Moses Malone-led Houston Rockets, who were 40-42 during the regular season (as were another playoff team, the Kansas City Kings), are stalking after upsetting the defending champion Los Angeles Lakers last week in their opening-round playoff series (page 12). If the Rockets win the NBA

title, it will mean that basketball teams led by players named Isiah and Moses will have wound up forging unprecedented turnarounds in the same season.

THE GODFATHER

Anyone who still assumes that George Brett's seventh-inning, two-run homer was responsible for Kansas City's 3-2 victory over the Yankees in the decisive third game of last season's American League playoffs had better think again. According to Jose Martinez, the Royals' first-base coach, K.C. won because he had had the foresight to enlist the help of his godfather, Alberto Lozano, a Cuban-born practitioner of voodoo who lives in Miami.

Martinez reveals that he called Lozano to ask what could be done to ensure that the Royals would win the pennant. Although Lozano is a Yankee fan,



he felt obliged to help his godson, and so he told him, "Stick the Yankee lineup in the freezer," an action that he said would "freeze their hits." Before Game 3, Martinez dutifully obtained a copy of the New York lineup, went into a back room in Yankee Stadium and placed the card in a freezer. This is why, Martinez suggests, the Yankees scored only two runs.

Lozano says that he and his followers have used their mystical powers to cure disease and save lives, adding, "We don't harm anybody. We don't do wrong to nobody." The Yankees might dispute that, especially when Lozano goes on to say that he has already arranged the outcome of this season. He and his disciples have been meeting every Monday to practice secret rites, and he says, "I'm telling you nine months in ad-

continued

vance. The Royals will be the American League champions, and they're going to beat whoever is in the World Series representing the National League. That's it. K.C. is going all the way to the top."

FERGY'S FAVORITES

The frequent contention by the NHL's top brass that there's a proper place in hockey for fighting has always been a dubious one. Now John Ferguson, the general manager of the Winnipeg Jets and himself a noted tough guy during his playing days, has unwittingly pointed up the ludicrousness of the league's acceptance of brawling by ranking NHL players on the basis of their pugilistic abilities. Though done in all apparent seriousness, Ferguson's rankings, which ran in the Jets' program, read like the heaviest kind of satire. His top 10:

1) Jimmy Mann, Winnipeg Jets. "He's been to the well more than anyone and is willing to fight them all, big or small.... He has terrifically fast hands and a strong knockout punch."

2) Dave Semenko, Edmonton Oilers. "Has very fast hands and good boxing savvy... believes in landing the first big punch... a good inside fighter."

3) Clark Gillies, New York Islanders. "Has the strength to hurt you badly... his one weakness is that he could be a little meaner."

4) Terry O'Reilly, Boston Bruins. "Good balance, and doesn't get knocked down easily."

5) Behn Wilson, Philadelphia Flyers. "Adept at slugging it out... willing to take on the top contenders."

6) Barry Beck, New York Rangers. "Good with both hands."

7) Nick Fotiu, New York Rangers. "Dependable club fighter."

8) Paul Holmgren, Philadelphia Flyers. "Bobs and weaves well and is good on the inside."

9) Larry Playfair, Buffalo Sabres. "A clutch-and-grab artist. He's tall and tough but his roundhouse style leaves him open for counterpunches."

10) Dave (Tiger) Williams, Vancouver Canucks. "Likes to move around, go in, back off and start circling again. Works out on the punching bag during the season. Hard to hit, hard to put down."

All that remains now is for *The Ring* magazine to rank the top 10 boxers on the basis of how well they skate

WIN, PLACE & JOLLY GOOD SHOW

It was more than a novelty last week when an American crowd watched a live telecast of a classic sports event from England on which they could legally wager. It was also uncanny. The audience consisted of 1,233 early birds who found their way at 9:20 a.m. Saturday to Teletrack in New Haven, Conn., a 2,300-seat betting emporium that ordinarily presents live closed-circuit telecasts of racing from New York State's thoroughbred and harness tracks. Now, however, the patrons were on hand for what was belittled as the first transatlantic primetime production: live coverage from Aintree of the 137th running of the Grand National, that wild and grueling steeplechase over 30 of the most daunting jumps in the world. After the usual spectacular falls, which helped reduce the field of 39 to 12 finishers, the race was won by Aldaniti, which the Connecticut crowd had sent off as the 6-1 favorite in its separate betting pool. Did American bettors know something Britons didn't? Spartan Missile, which the Aintree cognoscenti had made their favorite at 8-1, finished second, four lengths back.

IMPOSED ORTHODOXY

By surrendering to an ultimatum from FIFA, the Zurich-based ruling body in world soccer, just hours before its season opener two weeks ago, the North American Soccer League acknowledged a painful fact: owing to the realities of international soccer politics and to its own penchant for using players from all corners of the globe, the NASL doesn't enjoy the same autonomy as the NFL, NBA, NHL and major league baseball.

FIFA had threatened to excommunicate the NASL unless it conformed to accepted international rules limiting each team to two substitutions per game and specifying that the offside line be at midfield. The NASL had long allowed three substitutions per game (the better to utilize American players and cope with the heat of summer) and had placed offside lines 35 yards from each goal (to open the game to more scoring). The sudden demand for orthodoxy amounted to a power play by FIFA, whose senior vice-president, Harry Cavan of Northern Ireland, had pointedly told Si's Clive Gammon. "This is a very minor thing except for the principle of accepting the authority of the world organization."

The dispute also represented a show

of force by the United States Soccer Federation, through which the NASL was obliged by protocol to work in dealing with FIFA. A relic of the days when soccer in this country was mainly the province of obscure ethnic leagues, the USSF seized the confrontation between the NASL and FIFA as a chance to make its presence felt. Thus, when FIFA at one critical point indicated that it might consider postponing its ultimatum until the end of the year, the USSF was notably cool to the idea. There was no postponement, and the NASL reluctantly consented to start its season with the prescribed rule changes in force. So far anyway, the new rules appear to have had little appreciable effect on the NASL's style of play, bearing out the fact that the changes themselves were less important than FIFA's desire to show who was boss in world soccer.

THE MATING DAME

After a prolonged and wormsome period of celibacy (SCORECARD, March 30), the flamingos at Hialeah Park have finally gotten their conjugal act together. Heavy showers in south Florida apparently triggered an amorous response in the long-legged residents of Hialeah's infield. After the showers subsided, the birds did some nest-building and strutted their stuff, prancing about and ruffling their feathers. And after they danced, well, some of them mated. If eggs result, they will be the first laid by any of Hialeah's flamingos since 1972. It ordinarily takes five days for eggs to be laid after mating, another month or so for them to hatch. Flamingos are highly imitative, and it is hoped that more members of the flock of 400 will follow the example of last week's mating couples.

THEY SAID IT

■ Stan Williams, New York Yankee coach, on veteran Outfielder Oscar Gamble: "Oscar is so old that when he broke into the majors he was still a Negro."

■ Dan Quisenberry, discussing the control problems of another Kansas City Royal pitcher, Rene Martin: "Some people throw to spots, some people throw to zones. Rene throws to continents."

■ Jim Palmer, Baltimore Oriole pitcher, after Manager Earl Weaver was ejected from an exhibition game and replaced by Coach Cal Ripken: "Ripken will finish more games this year than Goose Gossage."



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THE TITLE IS UP FOR GRABS

There are no NBA champs now that the defending titlist Lakers were stunningly upset in the first round of the playoffs by Houston **by ANTHONY COTTON**

Last Thursday night in Houston, not 24 hours after the Rockets had pulled off a totally unexpected 111-107 April Fool's Day number on the defending NBA champion Lakers at The Forum in the first game of their best-of-three playoff mini-series, Houston Forward Robert Reid was entertaining L.A.'s Magic Johnson in his apartment. "We ate dinner, then we sat down and watched a movie and talked about almost everything except basketball," Reid would recall. "But the whole time I just wanted to look across at him and say, 'You know we're gonna kick your asses, don't you?'"

Three days later, again in The Forum, Reid's unspoken prophecy came to pass. The winning basket in Houston's 89-86 series-clinching victory was a 16-foot jumper by 6' 3" Mike Dunleavy with 15 seconds to play, but a missed shot and a follow on an offensive rebound by 6' 10", 235-pound Moses Malone or 6' 11", 240-pound Billy Paulitz would have been more apt, more typical of the way the Rockets bruised the Lakers. And when the horn had sounded, there was no call for Reid to rub it in on his friend Johnson, because Magic already had more than his share of troubles.

The Rockets, a 40-42 team in the regular season, weren't supposed to be any

problem for L.A., but as the playoffs got under way the Lakers were having a hard time getting their act together. They had lost their last two regular-season games, and stories were circulating that some L.A. players were less than enchanted with the ballyhooed return to the lineup of Johnson, who had missed 45 games following knee surgery. Norm Nixon, who went from shooting guard to point guard and then back to shooting guard, was quoted as saying the changes were disruptive to his game. Other reports indicated that several Lakers were jealous over the media attention given Magic's comeback.

Johnson was crushed by the talk, and he stayed up until five the morning after the first-game loss to the Rockets in a state of bewilderment. "I try to give everybody the ball, keep everyone happy, but I guess it's never enough," he said. "I never heard of this kind of situation on a winning team. Everybody can't get the pub. Before me it was Kareem, and if they weren't getting it then, I don't know how they could want it now. Everybody on a championship *continued*

Moses forced the Laker defenses to pull down 27 offensive rebounds during the three-game series





team doesn't get publicity, but everybody can say he's a champion."

If any team were ideally suited to play Los Angeles, Houston was it. The Lakers held just a 3-2 edge over the Rockets during the season, one of Houston's wins being a 110-107 triumph in L.A. And according to Rocket Coach Del Harris, his team's weakness against other clubs was actually an asset against the Lakers. "We don't have a true power forward on our team," said Harris. "Moses is a center and so are Paultz and Major Jones. The rest of our guys are small forwards and guards. So when we play a team that uses two centers, as L.A. does with Kareem and Jim Chones, we end up with an advantage."

The Lakers rely on Abdul-Jabbar and Chones to control the defensive boards and throw outlet passes that their streaking teammates can convert into easy fast-break baskets. But with Malone and Paultz crashing the boards along with the

6' 8", 210-pound Reid, the Rockets curtailed L.A.'s opportunities to break. In each of their five meetings this season Houston outrebounded the Lakers. On the offensive boards Malone beat out Abdul-Jabbar, Chones, Johnson and Jamaal Wilkes combined.

That pattern held up in Game 1 of the mini-series. Malone scored 38 points and had 23 rebounds; Paultz added 15 and 10. Overall, the Rockets held a 55-46 edge in rebounds, which took the Lakers out of their up-tempo game. After taking a 6-4 lead at 10:04 of the first quarter, Houston never trailed. Malone did the most damage, not only inside but also on 15-foot jumpers that the Lakers dared him to shoot. Los Angeles threatened in the final five minutes but couldn't close the gap to less than three as Abdul-Jabbar missed two free throws, committed a turnover and, the ultimate insult, had a dunk attempt stuffed by one Bill Willoughby. "After I got his stuff, then ev-

erybody started jumping around trying to get Kareem," said Willoughby, who used to be nicknamed Poodle and until recently was thought to have more bark than bite.

Johnson offered a suggestion to Abdul-Jabbar at the Lakers' practice the next night. "The next time Willoughby tries that, break his arm," he said, but L.A. Coach Paul Westhead, who, like Johnson, had stayed up late after the loss Wednesday night, had other ideas. To keep Malone off the offensive boards Abdul-Jabbar would concentrate on hacking him away from the basket. If, instead of Abdul-Jabbar, Chones or anyone else was guarding Malone, that Laker would keep his back to the basket and face Houston's big man, conceding the rebound to someone else but also keeping Malone away from it. In addition, there would be help from the top side guard and strong side forward, who, along with the man guarding Malone from behind, would form a collapsible zone to restrict his movement whenever the ball came his way.

Harris didn't work up such exotic strategies for the Rockets, instead concentrating on winning the battle of players three, four and five. "Every team has a pair of top players, but it's the third man down who wins or loses games," he said. "Kareem and Magic are going to get theirs, just like Moses and Calvin Murphy will for us. But what happens with Paultz and Chones, Dunleavy and Nixon or Reid and Wilkes, that's the key."

Nixon outscored Dunleavy 22-8 in the opener, but Reid had 13 points and nine rebounds to Wilkes' 16 and none, and the Rockets' bench outscored the Lakers' 31-10. Nineteen of those points came from Houston's instant offense, Murphy, who averaged 17 points in 26 minutes a game after becoming the sixth man 12 games into the season. "If a guy doesn't like being the sixth man, you can see it in the way he drags himself to the scorer's table," Harris said. "With Calvin you have to give him instructions in the same breath that you call him into the game because he's gone."

The Rockets' win in Los Angeles even piqued the interest of folks in Houston. Now that the team had attracted national attention with a stunning upset on national TV, the Rockets, generally looked down upon as poor cousins to the Oilers



Sixth man Murphy scored 19 points in the opener and passed for the winning basket in the clincher

and Astros, suddenly became the city's darlings. By noon Friday 16,121 tickets had been sold to that night's game at The Summit, insuring the largest single-game crowd in the franchise's 14-year history. But total NBA sophistication had yet to reach Houston. An hour before game time scalpers were only asking \$25 for \$13 seats, a markup that's chicken feed in L.A., while inside The Summit a sign taped on a wall read, "Moves puts Kareem in the shade."

But such gaucheries mattered little to the Rockets' personable and ebullient boy owner, Gavin Maloof, 24, who exclaimed before the game, "If we take 'em tonight it will be the biggest thing to ever happen in... in... in HISTORY!"

Alas, history was put on hold for a while. Westhead had saved his most important play until just before game time, when his sixth man, Michael Cooper, was introduced as a starter instead of Chones. With Cooper at guard and Johnson moved to forward in the Lakers' "greyhound lineup," the pace quickened at both ends of the floor. Harris reacted by putting Malone on Cooper defensively, but that worked to the Lakers' advantage. As Cooper scurried about outside with Moses in tow, L.A. jumped to an early 18-5 lead.

Yet the Rockets hung tough and cut the Laker lead to 96-93 with 5:06 to play. The Rockets' fans could be excused if they thought that things were then well in hand. Fourteen times this season Houston won games after being tied or trailing at the start of the fourth quarter, a feat equaled only by Boston. As the staggering Lakers called time out, the crowd in The Summit stood en masse, cheering for the 15th and creating such a din that Harris had to yell in his players' ears when he gave instructions.

That noise doubled when Johnson fouled out with 2:53 to play and the Rockets down three, 100-97. It took the crestfallen Magic, who had a career-high 18 rebounds, more than a minute to leave the court, and when he did, he stood with his hands on his hips while his teammates huddled to his right. Across from Johnson, Lakers' owner Jerry Buss also stood dejectedly, hands on hips. No wonder Buss figured that at \$125,000 per home-game gate plus other playoff income the Lakers could lose close to \$3 million if they were eliminated early.

Or, as Laker publicist Bob Steiner said, "With what we'd lose, we could pay Kareem's salary."

But as Westhead had said before the game, only lesser teams see the writing on the wall. Nixon, who scored 21 points with 11 assists, made a three-point play after that time-out, and the Lakers held on for a 111-106 win.

That put the odds in the Lakers' favor for Sunday's game in L.A. Before the Rockets' Wednesday night win, Houston's record at The Forum had been an abysmal 5-29. Even more important, Los Angeles was relaxed after Friday's back-to-the-wall victory. "Now we can play in our comfortable rhythm," Westhead said. "When it's do or die, you're in a need rhythm, and that's not our best."

Both teams had trouble sustaining any kind of rhythm during the final game, mainly because of crashing bodies—53 fouls were called—and poor shooting, 39% for Los Angeles, only 34% for the Rockets. Johnson had a particularly rough time, going two for 14 from the field and six for 11 from the line.

With the score deadlocked at 85-85 after seven ties and 16 lead changes, Johnson, lacking his magic touch—or for that matter any touch—missed the first two free throws in a three-to-make-two situation. After Johnson hit the third to put L.A. up 86-85, Houston called time out. The idea was for Murphy to put up the shot and for Malone to crash the boards if there was a rebound, but when Calvin received the ball from Dunleavy two Lakers pounced on him, so he whipped a pass back to Dunleavy, who didn't hesitate in putting in the shot.

The Lakers still had one more opportunity to stay alive, and they decided to rely on Magic. Johnson brought the ball up the length of the court against Tom Henderson, spinning into the lane for a driving jumper that became an air ball. "It was just one of those things," Magic said afterward. "I could say I got hit on the drive, I did get hit on the elbow when I shot, but I held back and didn't follow through."

Three seconds later the Rockets had their upset. No one was more appreciative than Murphy. "For 11 years I've struggled with this franchise," he said, champagne streaming down his face, "I want everyone to know that I am a Houston Rocket."



Willoughby stuffed Kareem's attempted stuff

Around the corner, Buss met Westhead in the corridor outside the Los Angeles dressing room. They stood silent for 30 seconds, heads nodding. Then Buss broke the heavy silence. "We'll talk, huh?" "Yeah, sure," said Westhead.

Buss turned to a pair of writers the coach had been talking to. "You guys finished here?"

They were. So were the Lakers. **END**



The sturdily obliging Gerry Faust deftly snags a student-thrown Frisbee on the Notre Dame quad

THE IRISH HAVE FLIPPED OVER FAUST

The mantle of Rockne, Leahy and Parseghian is being readied for Notre Dame's new head coach, if only he'll hold still long enough for a fitting **by RAY KENNEDY**

Look out America, here comes the "human dynamo, the whirling dervish of college football." No, he's not another running back out of Lubbock or a line-hacker from the Pennsylvania hills. He's Gerry Faust, who last fall coached a high school team but now is the head man at Notre Dame, as described by one of his assistants, Greg Blache.

Blache, the Irish offensive backfield coach, knows all about dynamos. Not long ago, after accompanying the perpetually Faust on a nonstop recruiting tour, Blache crashed into bed at 3 a.m. Three hours later the phone rang. It was Faust: "Hey, Greg! Let's go get 'em! It's a beautiful day out there!" Glancing out the window, the semi-comatose Blache could only mutter, "How can you tell, Coach? It's still dark."

During his four months on the job—he succeeded Dan Devine, who retired—Faust has seemed bent on proving that one man really can go in 17 directions at once—18 if you count his daily visits to church for Mass and communion. Subsisting on 4½ hours sleep and one meal on the run a day, dictating letters in taxis and catnapping in private jets, he has been crisscrossing the land as if in hot pursuit of his guiding ideal: "Ya gotta be perfect—or better."

Along with the endless search for the "quality kid," between the banquets, interviews and autograph sessions, Faust has been busily shaping his staff, holding day-long meetings, selecting new uniforms, building a new house, posing for photos, riding on parade floats, tossing Frisbees with students and visiting dorms, hospitals and faculty clubs, with pauses along the way to pick up a gum wrapper or two from the otherwise immaculate Notre Dame quadrangle.

If enthusiasm is what it takes to shake down the thunder, then Faust is Thor himself. Hear him ramble on: "Boy, this place is great. I'm really having fun. What a place for young people to go to school. You know, my three kids'll go here. This is the greatest job in the world. I've really been blessed."

Still, for all Faust's effervescence, there have been questions from some of the far-flung faithful. Like, how can a raw newcomer, the only head coach Notre Dame has ever selected from the high school ranks, compete with the hordes of seasoned recruiters from other colleges?

What expertise can a former lunchroom supervisor hope to bring to a school that demands the ultimate in sophisticated, high-powered football? And just exactly why does he think he can succeed in big-time college football?

"For the same reason a governor can be President of the United States," says Faust.

More widespread is concern about how well Faust will endure the enormous pressures that go with the job. Can he bear up under the weighty mantle passed on by the legendary likes of Kaute Rockne, Frank Leahy and Ara Parseghian? Is he fully aware of the grand tradition he's expected to perpetuate, which includes 10 national championships and a 7-3-0 bowl record? "Frankly," Faust said a while back, "I just haven't had the time to think about that stuff. If I did, it might hit me all at once and that's a little scary."

But hit him it inevitably did when he saw *his* Fighting Irish suited up for the opening session of spring practice two weekends ago. Typically, Faust was out on the field early that day, tending to de-

tails, when he spied the players, 100 yards off, trotting out of the locker room in a ritualized procession. It was a stirring sight: four abreast and 80 strong, they snaked along in their golden helmets like a great river glinting in the sun. Inspired, Faust ran to meet them, cheering them on with all the excitement of a puppy yapping at a parade.

Right then, Faust recalls, is when the chill went up his back: "I said to myself, 'Geez, I'm going to be part of this. This is the greatest thing in my life.'"

And so, for a school that thrives on emotion and legends, let it here be recorded that on the first day of 1981 spring football at the University of Notre Dame, Gerard Anthony Faust, 45, the rookie coach from Moeller High School in Cincinnati, charged onto the field with tears of joy streaming down his face.

Listen up, America, because if Faust's rookie season is anything like his spring debut, you should get to know him before he's canonized for succeeding in the most visible job in college sports.

First, be advised, Faust is deeply re-

ligious. He neither smokes nor drinks. He says "God bless you" more often than goodby. And he believes in the power of prayer, any prayers, including those of the non-Catholics on the Irish squad. While he's careful not to impose his beliefs, preferring to "teach by example rather than by word," he doesn't hesitate to avow that "religion is the bond that holds my team together."

Though sometimes criticized for the openness of his faith, Faust decided upon his ascendancy to Notre Dame that he would continue to "be myself," that is, to call for a Hail Mary when needed and to inscribe the initials JMJ—for Jesus, Mary and Joseph—on everything from the letterhead on his stationery to his practice schedules. Not surprising, the credo for the Moeller High player still holds: "No matter how great he is, he better never cuss, he better never play dirty football and if he burps, he better say excuse me."

There will be no overlooking Faust this fall. He will be the one with the distinctive headlong gait, the splayfooted one

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM TOMSK



The opening day of spring practice closed with Faust gathering his squad around him to offer a prayer, just as he would have done last year at Moeller High.

flapping his arms and tearing up and down the sidelines like a scalded duck. Faust's forward pitch is so pronounced, in fact, that he kind of spills into a room, back-clapping and bear-hugging everyone within reach regardless of their station. One day a week or so ago, upon spotting a campus parking-lot attendant, he leaped from his car and threw a headlock on the fellow just to let him know he was "the greatest."

Faust's wardrobe only further confirms that he's a man of the people. From the wingtip shoes he resolutely refuses to shine to the shirt that needs tucking in and the tie that's slightly askew, he's a model of off-the-rack casual.

A similar motif prevails in Faust's office. While many coaches surround themselves with so many mementos of their conquests they seem to be enshrined in a museum case, Faust's digs are as nondescript as a dentist's waiting room. Aside from installing a few personal

items—a statue of the Blessed Virgin, a drawing of Rockne—he left the decorating up to an aide, who seems to have something like early Holiday Inn in mind.

It would appear that a coach who is such a stickler about his team's appearance would spruce himself up. But Faust doesn't for the reason that "things like clothes and furniture aren't important to me." He has more compelling things to do, like winning football games.

And finally there is the voice, which tends to announce Faust's arrival long before he's in view. "I don't have a cold," he tells strangers of his hoarse rasp. "This is my real voice." It sounds as if he had been out half the night leading a cheering section. Which, in fact, he often has.

Faust is in such demand as a speaker that if he accepted all invitations he'd end up delivering five of his patented tub-thumpers a day. Even while he was at Moeller, clients like Procter & Gamble and IBM favored him over college coaches for his speeches on motivation. And though his fee has since doubled to about \$3,500, he still trades more on style than content. No matter that he sometimes throws syntax for a loss, that he once referred to an assistant as "my right hand thumb" and has warned his audience "not to read everything you believe in the newspapers." Faust wins standing ovations by the force of his convictions.

The sum of all these disparate parts adds up to Faust fever. The symptoms of the afflicted are rolling eyes and virtually uncontrollable raving. For example:

- "When I first met him, I knew. He walked into my house the night before the press conference to introduce him, and I just wanted to hug him. In all my years in sports, I've never seen such a magnetic personality. Never. I just love the guy."—ROGER VAL-DEBRI, Notre Dame sports information director.
- "It's not just the players and the other coaches who are fired up about him. He has this whole campus going crazy. He came and spoke to the guys in our dorm, and you want to

talk about some excited people! They just couldn't believe the man's enthusiasm."—JOHN RICE, linebacker.

- "It wouldn't surprise me if at our first game, the players run out of that tunnel, keep running to the other end of the stadium and form a new tunnel."—JOE YOVINO, Notre Dame administrative assistant to Faust.

Partly, as Faust is the first to note, the euphoria is the result of a "honeymoon period in which we are still unbeaten, untied and unscored upon." But more important, it is also based on some very solid evidence that Faust just may live up to his supercoach billing.

Exhibit A is his recruiting record. Far from being a babe in the wild, Faust had what he calls a "hidden advantage" over the competition. He explains, "While I was at Moeller, we had more than 150 college recruiters visit us each year, and I've seen all the good ones and the bad ones and how they operate. We've sent nearly 300 players to college, and I know what makes a kid decide where he's going to go."

Obviously so. By unanimous decision of the publications that rank such things, the runaway winner of the 1981 Recruiting Bowl was—surprise!—the babes from Notre Dame. Of the 26 players signed by the Irish, 13 were high school All-Americans and, according to *The Blue Chaps*, four are "franchise players." They are: Larry Williams, a 235-pound lineman from Santa Ana, Calif.; Chris Smith, a 215-pound running back from Cincinnati; Mark Brooks, a 220-pound fullback off Faust's 1980 Ohio State champions; and Mike Golic, a 235-pound linebacker, the brother of Bob Golic of the New England Patriots.

Along with recruiting, Faust has also been in the rejecting business. While visiting the home of one All-American he was ready to sign, Faust was startled to hear the boy sharply reprimand his mother for turning down the stereo. "So I gave him a little forearm in the ribs and told him not to talk to his mother that way," says Faust, who subsequently withdrew the scholarship offer. "There's no room for kids like that at Notre Dame. And he'll probably be a great one in college."

Another advantage Faust has is that when it comes to football, he's undoubtedly the most knowledgeable former lunchroom supervisor around. Truth is, his powerhouse Moeller teams not only executed better than most college teams,



Faust: teacher in the trenches, not a preacher from a tower.

but they also run 35 different plays from 12 different formations, more than many pro teams. If anything, in fact, during their first year with Faust, his Irish will probably be less versatile than his Fighting Crusaders.

Which isn't to imply that the Golden Domers will suffer from a case of the grinds. For Notre Dame fans who thought Devine too conservative during his six years in South Bend, the good news is that Faust promises "wide-open football. We'll do lots of things. We'll be multiple. We'll play full house, trips, slot, the I or most anything. Whatever it takes. We'll throw a lot." About 35% of the time, he estimates. And Notre Dame will gamble a lot. "What Gerry is the Irish will be—unpredictable," says Offensive Coordinator Tom Lichtenberg, one of three Cincinnatians Faust has on his staff. "Just like him, our offense will be in and out. Here, there, all over everywhere."

Like blue darters, presumably, because Faust is switching from the Kelly green jerseys reintroduced by Devine in 1977 back to Notre Dame's royal blue. Faust says, "Blue is the color of the Blessed Virgin—she's gotten me this far, so I'm going to stay with her."

If ever there was a marriage made in Heaven, it is Notre Dame and Faust. He cannot precisely remember when he started praying for the Notre Dame job, but the fascination was always there. "When I was a fifth-grader playing CYO football in Dayton," he recalls, "I would sing the Irish fight song while riding my bike to and from practice."

An All-State quarterback at Dayton's Chaminade High, where his father, Gerard Sr., now 73, coached for 20 years, Faust played for the University of Dayton only because "I wasn't good enough to make it at Notre Dame." Hired by Moeller to start a football team in 1960, he scrounged some lockers and used equipment, loaded up a borrowed van and left for Cincinnati. In 1963 he fielded his first varsity, and the dynasty that was to become one of the most dominant in high school history was born.

Under Faust, the "prayingest team in football" ran up a miraculous 173-17-2 record and some other mystical numbers: 53-game winning streak, 25 All-Americans, 12 city championships, nine undefeated seasons, five state championships and three mythical national titles. In fact, Faust's move up to Notre Dame will be in some ways a comedown. At Moeller,

Faust not only enjoyed the luxury of 18 assistant coaches, 25 student managers and seven team doctors, but he also left behind a new \$1.4 million sports complex that he helped finance by staging a lavish picnic at \$500 a throw. "Even the outdoor commodore were painted the school colors," he says proudly.

Though Moeller, a Catholic all-boys school, has an enrollment of barely 1,000, no fewer than 210 players were involved in Faust's football program. From the 200-page game program to the pep rallies that could run on Broadway, his professional touch was everywhere apparent. His training techniques, which included year-round weightlifting and ballet lessons, were studied by the Bengals and Reds.

A master promoter and ticket hustler, Faust and his Crusaders drew an average of 18,000 fans, even though they had no home field and had to play in nine different stadiums around the city; the 24,000 they attracted for one game in Nippert Stadium surpassed the Reds' gate of the same night. For Faust, every problem has a solution. When a new rule prevented him from having his entire 80-member squad on the sidelines for last year's state championship game, he sent 20 of his players into the stands and did some of his substituting from there.

That was on the eve of the Big Call, and when it came, Faust, who had always sworn he would never leave Moeller for anywhere but Notre Dame, and his wife, Marlene, left posthaste for South Bend and the Big Announcement. They stopped only once, in Indianapolis, where Faust called Moeller's three best players and offered them scholarships.

All told, Moeller has sent 16 players to Notre Dame, eight of whom will join Faust next fall for a season-long reunion. Meanwhile, ex-Moellerites like Linebacker Bob Crable, the Irish defensive captain, have been lecturing teammates about what to expect. "Coach Faust is more verbal than Coach Devine," says Crable. "I mean louder. He's always yelling and screaming at people, but he yells the good things at them, too."

"I'm a tough guy and a wild guy on the sidelines," Faust says. "I'm an emotional guy. I yell. I'm overly aggressive at times and I am overbearing. I don't like waiting to get something done. But heck, it's not for me, it's for the kids."

Crable, among others, readily attests



Happily reunited: Co-captain Crable and Faust

to the sincerity of Faust's statements about his devotion to his "kids." Crable says, "I really believe he would coach here for nothing." Faust suggests as much when he says, "The biggest advantage I think I have over other coaches is that coaching isn't a job for me. I'm in coaching because I love kids and enjoy watching them develop. I want more than anything to work with young people."

Now he has the chance on a grander scale. And a tougher one, as Faust well knows. He says jokingly, "I think the reason Dan Devine and [Athletic Director] Moose Krause retired last year is because they had a look at the schedule," which opens on Sept. 12 in South Bend against LSU and includes the likes of Michigan, USC and Penn State. Slamming for just an instant, Faust adds, "I hope my lifelong dream doesn't end in a nightmare."

The first day of spring practice ended on a more typically sunny note. Moving among the players, slapping helmets and embracing the weary, Faust then asked the team to gather around him in a kneeling position. "I can't tell you how great it is to be here," he said, turning to glance at the Golden Dome. "You guys are going to be the greatest."

It sounded like a prayer.

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BASEBALL '81



As a new season begins, many a club has many a new face, and a player strike could be in the offing, but certain verities remain. Take two: George Brett (left) and Mike Schmidt, paragons at their position, and compelling proof that for any team which seriously hopes to contend for a league championship this year ...

THIRD IS THE WORD



CONTINUED



"There are more good third basemen today than at any other time in history, and more good players at third than at any other position"

BY JIM KAPLAN

Given the position's new respectability, it's appropriate that two third basemen were the key figures in the pivotal inning of the 1980 baseball season. The World Series was tied at two games apiece, with the Royals ahead 3-2 and three outs from winning Game 5. As Philadelphia Third Baseman Mike Schmidt led off the ninth, his Kansas City counterpart, George Brett, moved even with the bag. Schmidt had homered earlier in the game but he had bunted safely the day before, and Brett was taking no chances. This time, however, Schmidt swung away and hit a hard shot to Brett's left that the diving third baseman knocked down but couldn't make a play on. Schmidt's sin-

gle sparked a two-run inning that enabled the Phillies to win 4-3. They wrapped up the Series two days later.

As exciting as the Series was—six games, five decided by one or two runs—it was this Schmidt-Brett confrontation on a Sunday afternoon in Kansas City that epitomized the season: the two leading teams, the two dominant players, the best-played position.

Ah, third base—alias Thunder Alley, or, most commonly, the Hot Corner. It has had that moniker since a game in 1889 in which Brooklyn batters smashed seven line drives at Cincinnati's Hick Carpenter. Carpenter survived the barrage and set a gutsy example for all future third basemen, but for reasons that aren't

Schmidt may not reach everything his fan way but he has caught enough to win five Gold Gloves

entirely clear, only five major league third basemen, the fewest for any position, have entered the Hall of Fame. They are Jimmy Collins of the Boston Braves and Red Sox (in 1945); Pie Traynor, Pirates (1948); Frank (Home Run) Baker, Philadelphia A's and Yankees (1955); Fred Lindstrom, Giants (1976); and Eddie Mathews, Milwaukee Braves (1978). John McGraw (see box, page 61), although an excellent third baseman, was enshrined as a manager. Happily, this state of affairs is on the verge of drastic change. Harmon Killebrew, who came up as a third baseman and became the leading right-handed slugger in American League history with 573 home runs, was unaccountably passed over in his first shot at the Hall in January. He'll undoubtedly make it soon. In 1983 Orville great Brooks Robinson should make it in his first year of eligibility. The future? "There are more good third basemen today than at any other time in history," says Robinson, "and more good players at third than at any other position."

The best in the business, of course, are the incumbent league MVPs, Brett and Schmidt. Ask baseball men whom they would choose to start a team and they'll invariably answer Brett, who batted .390 last year and led the Royals to their first pennant. In 1980 Schmidt won his fifth consecutive Gold Glove Award, led the National League in runs batted in (121) and homers (48) and also was the Series MVP.

But Brett and Schmidt aren't the only all-round performers at third. Buddy Bell of Texas hit .329 and won a Gold Glove despite the debilitating heat and bad-hop infield of Arlington Stadium. The Dodgers' Ron Cey hit with power (28 homers) and committed only 13 errors while playing most of his games on natural turf, too. The Yankees' Graig Nettles is a former home-run champ who at 36 can still make unforgettable plays in the field. Bill Madlock of Pittsburgh has won two batting titles and fields bunts as well as anyone in the game. Minnesota's John Cui-tino and Boston's Carney Lansford are youngsters with virtually limitless potential. Larry Parrish of Montreal and Bob Horner (page 25) of Atlanta are among the game's most feared sluggers, and de-

fensive star Ken Reitz of the Cubs uses his hands as deftly as a pizza chef. Indeed, only San Diego, Seattle, Toronto, the New York Mets and Chicago White Sox lack a proven player at the position.

Though Schmidt concedes that Nettles is best at making great plays under pressure, the Phillie is generally considered baseball's best all-round third baseman. He has all the requisites: a good arm, fine hand-eye coordination and excellent reflexes, but what separates him from the pack is a quality lacking in most men at his position: speed. Schmidt, who played some shortstop before moving to third, ranges as far afield as any infielder, cutting off grounders in the hole and running down foul pops for over-the-shoulder catches. "I'll tell you about his range," says *Philadelphia Inquirer* baseball columnist Allen Lewis. "I once saw Schmidt go to his left to cut off a ball in the hole. As he was moving and throwing to second for a force, he saw that his throw would be off line. It tipped off the second baseman's glove, and Schmidt never stopped moving. He ran down his own throw in short right field."

Fast enough to hunt and steal bases, Schmidt exploits his speed in the field. "I play way off the line and back in the outfield," he says. "I like to spice up the position." Unlike most of his peers, who recoil at the myriad horrors of their position, Schmidt considers it easier than any other except leftfield. "It's do or die," he says. "With the tough plays you've got nothing to lose. Most of them aren't made because the ball's hit so hard. So I'm relaxed. Maybe that's why I make more hard plays than the others."

"It's an instinctive, reflex position. I don't think it requires a lot of practice, like Larry Bowa puts in at short. About all I do is spend some time catching the ball and putting it behind my back and between my legs to develop a feel. You have to learn to cradle the ball, to have a limp body so the ball doesn't bounce too far when it hits you. And, of course, you have to enjoy playing out there."

Brett, an excellent clutch fielder who has overcome throwing deficiencies, is quick to agree. "When I came up," he says, "I never wanted to have a ball hit to me. Now I want 'em all the time."

The low regard in which previous generations held third base is no longer evident, and this is as it should be. True, third basemen are recruited primarily to be power hitters in the middle of the lineup. True, a third baseman is less important to a team's defense than the up-the-middle positions. But the famous put-down made by Hall of Fame Second Baseman Frankie Frisch rings hollow today. "There's nothing tough about playing third," he said. "All a guy needs is a strong arm and a strong chest."

To be frank, Frankie, a third baseman must be deft enough to field bunts and dribblers on the run and throw in one fluid motion; agile enough to react to hard-hit balls to his left and right, and fearless enough to take direct shots off his body. "You don't see too many muscle-bound third basemen," says Bell. Nor many faint-hearted ones. "When you reach the point you're too slow to get out of the way," says Detroit's Tom Brookers, "it's time to quit." He's kidding, of course. A fielder who plays "maudlin" defense won't last long: as third you take your lumps and learn to love it. *continued*

As this acrobatic try for a foul ball during last year's World Series vividly illustrates, Brett can be just as aggressive with his glove as he is with his bat.



"You don't think about getting hit by batted balls," says Brett, "any more than getting hit by pitched ones." Nonetheless, a third baseman's pain threshold is only so high. "Maybe that's why there are so few of them in the Hall," says Parrish. "It's such a demanding position that few can hit with power and field well over a long career." Robinson's 23-year stint (1955-77) is the exception. Among the good third basemen who missed being elected to the Hall, Al Rosen lasted just seven full seasons and Billy Cox 10.

"Fielding at third is total concentration," says Schmidt. "If I could concentrate on every ground ball hit to me, I don't think I'd make more than five or six errors a year. And concentration is especially important when you're switching from AstroTurf to natural grass. You can fail to get your glove down, look away, wait for the ball to come to you and still make the plays on AstroTurf because the bounce is usually uniform. I think AstroTurf causes defensive players to become lackadaisical. Then they switch to natural grass where they have to charge the ball, and they're in trouble. So you have to concentrate all the time."

Even if a third baseman is slow, he can compensate with fast reactions,

sound baseball instincts and aggressiveness. "What made Brooks a great third baseman," says Brett, "was that he charged everything. He reacted as the ball was coming off the bat, sometimes as it was coming to the bat." By contrast, the

sure-handed but slow-footed Reitz was traded to the Cubs last winter because the Cardinals feared he wouldn't get to the slow rollers caused by the sinking, split-fingered fastballs of Bruce Satter, the man they were trading for.

The most overrated attribute—Frisch notwithstanding—is a strong arm. Robinson had an average arm but a quick and accurate release. The most overrated statistic is errors, the most underrated, chances. In 1974 Robinson was awarded the Gold Glove over Milwaukee's Don Money although Money had fewer errors (five to 18) and a higher fielding percentage (.989 to .967). But Robinson accepted 543 chances to Money's 472 and the voting wasn't close.

Third basemen can't agree on their most difficult play. A drive down the line, some say. "The two-hopper," argues Nettles. "You can't go in or back and you don't get any perspective on the ball." Most third basemen fear the surprise bunt. "You have to field it one-handed because you're moving at top speed," says Robinson. "If you field the ball with your left foot forward, you can throw right away, but it's awkward to bend down with your right foot forward. I always used a little stutter step to get the left foot in front." Even an expected sacrifice bunt can be tough, especially if there are runners at first and second. Then the third baseman must instantly decide whether to retreat to third for the throw or to field the ball himself.

Thus, instinct wins out over intelligence. "Next to the catcher, the third baseman has to be the dumbest guy out there," says Seattle rookie Dave Edler. "You can't have any brains to take those shots all day." Parrish prefers the word flaky. "A guy who can't be afraid to move up on the ball," says Eddie Mathews, "or play in on Ralph Kiner when a line drive could kill you. A guy who's right in there on the field or in a fight."

Third basemen are survivors. According to a study by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, third basemen live longer than any other players. But they've got more going for them than longevity. "You're the voice of the team," says Horner. "You direct traffic on pop flies and bunts." Because they have less time to react to batted balls than middle infielders, third basemen must position themselves for hitters more precisely. "I've



Hard smashes that can only be knocked down and slow bouncers that must be fielded on the run are two occupational hazards at the hot corner.



studied the position inside out," says Schmidt. "A guy's cheating himself and his teammates if he doesn't take advantage of that knowledge."

The most celebrated defensive third basemen of all time were Traynor, Robinson and Cleve Boyer. Traynor was an excellent batter who hit .320 from 1920 to 1937, but his defense was particularly notable in an era when third basemen were considered fixtures rather than fielders. "He was a big rangy guy who took a bent-over stance with his hands on the ground," says Hall of Fame Pitcher Burleigh Grimes, Traynor's teammate in 1928, '29 and '34. "He was the first player I ever saw cross over and back-hand balls hit down the line. Before Pie, they were all doubles." Traynor was so dedicated that if he made an error in a game he would stay for an hour afterward taking grounders. And that's not just another baseball legend.

Boyer, who played for the Kansas City A's, the Yankees and Braves between 1955 and 1971, is often overlooked because of his .242 lifetime average. "He'd start extremely low, like a catcher, and then dive," says Cincinnati Assistant General Manager Woody Woodward, who played with Boyer in Atlanta. "I was just amazed at his reactions." Says Boyer, now an A's coach, "Even when we took infield practice, I knew people were watching me. Guys from the other teams. Fans. I was on stage. I loved it. No distraction bothered me. A third baseman has got to be like that, loaded with confidence." No less an authority than Robinson calls Boyer the best he ever played against.

Of course, Robinson never played against himself. Various known as Hoover, the Human Vacuum Cleaner and Mr. Impossible, he won 16 Gold Gloves in 23 years and retired with a career fielding percentage of .971, the highest ever for a third baseman. Robinson was the quintessential glove man. He kept three of them in various states of suppleness, and with him at all times. Robinson did everything left-handed except play baseball. "My glove hand is my better one," he says. "Maybe that's why I had such good reflexes with it." As the late umpire Ed Hurley said of Robinson, "He plays like he came down from a higher league." Traynor, who lived until 1972, called him "The best I've ever seen."

Sal Bando of the Brewers underscores a third baseman's importance to his team. "One advantage of a good third baseman is that he can turn a double down the leftfield line into an out. That's a big difference. It can turn a game around for a pitcher." Or a World Series around for a team. In 1970 the Orioles won a five-game Series from the Reds, and Robinson was everywhere, backhanding the ball, turning, then in the same motion throwing to first while crossing the third-base line into foul territory, scooping up rollers barehanded; diving to his left for line drives. Robinson's fielding even overshadowed his .429 batting.

Eight years later another outstanding Series fielding display also involved a third baseman. With the Dodgers leading the Yankees two games to none in 1978 and New York Pitcher Ron Guidry struggling, Nettles keyed a 5-1 Yankee win by robbing the Dodgers of at least five hits and perhaps as many as

seven extra bases and seven runs. The Yankees went on to win the Series 4-2. A year later Robinson's successor, Doug DeCinces, finished off the Angels in the American League playoffs. Preserving a 3-0 Oriole lead in the fourth and final game, DeCinces dived across the bag to spear Jim Anderson's vicious one-hopper with the bases loaded, hooked the base with his foot, scrambled to his feet and fired to first to complete an inning-ending double play. As Robinson himself conceded from the Oriole broadcasting booth, the play was downright Brooksian.

Though Traynor and Jimmy Collins were excellent fielders, all the third basemen in the Hall of Fame made it on the strength of their bats. Schmidt and Brett may do that, too, but not Robinson. He was a fine offensive player who had 268 homers and 2,848 hits, but the world—and the Hall of Fame election—will remember him for his glove.

DIAL "8" FOR HORNER

If Atlanta Third Baseman Bob Horner is ever able to play a complete season, he might set some long-distance batting records **by STEVE WULF**

We've assembled a distinguished panel of Astro pitchers to examine a major cause of concern for them and their colleagues everywhere. The first question, gentlemen, is: How do you pitch Bob Horner, the 23-year-old right-handed-hitting third baseman of the Atlanta Braves?

"Outside," says Dave Smith, a right-handed reliever with 10 saves and a 1.92 ERA last year.

"Inside," says Joe Sambuto, a left-handed reliever with 17 saves and a 2.20 ERA in 1980.

"Carefully," says Frank LaCorte, a righty with 11 saves and a 2.82 ERA.

"I'm not going to reveal that," says Don Sutton, the new man in the Houston rotation who spent 15 years in a Dodger uniform and led the league with an ERA of 2.21 last year. "I will say, however, that Plan A didn't work, and I'm abandoning it and going to Plan B."

"The key," says Vern Ruhle, 12-4 with

a 2.38 ERA last year, "is to make sure that nobody is on base when he hits his home run."

The next question is: Would you rather face Horner or Mike Schmidt?

"I'd rather face Schmidt," says Ruhle.

"Horner," says Smith.

"Schmidt any day," says LaCorte.

"I don't want to have to face either one of them," says Ken Forsch, who later this day would have his wish fulfilled by getting traded out of the league to the California Angels.

The third question may be painful. What has Horner done to you?

"I was behind on the count and gave him a hanging slider," says 20-game winner Joe Niekro. "He put it over the left-field fence."

"I threw him an outside fastball and he hit it out in dead center," says Randy Niemann.

"I gave him a pretty good pitch, a trailing fastball on the hands," says Forsch.

continued

"and he just wristed it out of the park."

"The home run he hit off me was a slider," says Joaquin Andujar.

"Two years ago he hit my changeup into the upper deck of the Astrodome," says Ruble. "That's a shot."

"He got me twice in '79," says La-Corte. "Once he just rolled his wrists on an inside fastball and put it out. The other home run was the hardest ball I've ever seen hit anywhere. I threw him a fastball right in his wheelhouse, and [La-Corte shivers in the 90° heat] you know how the fans in the leftfield stands will gather and wait for the home run ball to come down? Well, he hit the ball so hard that they scattered. I mean it. They got out of the way as fast as they could."

The Astros staff is a particularly good one to talk to about Horner. Its credentials are impeccable; last season Houston's team ERA of 3.10 and total of only 69 home runs permitted were the best in the majors. However, Horner touched the Astros for five of those 69 homers and 15 RBIs. Houston wasn't his only victim, of course; he also homered five times each against the Phillies and Dodgers. He hit 35 home runs after a horrendous start. In his last 90 games, he batted .302

with 30 homers and 76 RBIs. In July alone, he had 14 home runs, one short of the major league record. After three seasons, Horner has a .287 batting average and a .533 slugging percentage, and his ratio of one homer per 13.99 at bats easily surpasses the figures Henry Aaron (22.69), Joe DiMaggio (17.36), Willie Mays (17.78) and Ted Williams (17.38) had after three years.

And yet Horner has just been teasing. For a variety of reasons, one of them management stupidity, he has never played a full season. In fact, his career totals of 91 homers and 250 RBIs have actually been accumulated in the equivalent of two seasons. Hall of Famer Luke Appling, a hitting instructor for the Braves, says Horner will hit 70 homers some season. Atlanta Manager Bobby Cox predicts Horner will win the Triple Crown some year, if not this one. Braves Director of Player Development Henry L. Aaron offers the opinion that someday Horner will erase some of Henry L. Aaron's records.

Pitchers will be facing a smaller Horner this year. He no longer sits in front of his locker in the corner eating the clubhouse cold cuts. With his striking blond

curls and burly body, Horner used to resemble a professional wrestler, namely Duxy Rhodes, the American Dream. But by working hard and eschewing—rather than chewing—fattening foods, Horner has shed 20 pounds in recent weeks, bringing his weight down to 210 for the first time since college, even though that is the weight at which the Braves have always listed him.

Horner is running faster, moving better at third base and suffering no apparent loss of power. Last week against Baltimore's Steve Stone, the American League Cy Young Award winner in 1980, Horner hit a pitch into the face of a strong wind. It finally stopped rolling just short of second base on a practice field beyond the leftfield fence of the Braves' spring training stadium in West Palm Beach, a journey of some 500 feet.

Horner is confident, not cocky; proud but private. He's not stat-conscious like Pete Rose; in fact, he can't recall the five home runs he hit off Houston pitching last year. As for his success in the major leagues, he says, "I didn't expect it to happen quite this fast, but I'm not surprised, either."

According to Horner's best friend on the Braves, infielder Jerry Royster, "Bob's so confident at what he does, baseball or golf or Space Invaders, that people get the wrong idea."

The wrong idea is that he's lackadaisical. "I just try to stay on an even keel, not get too excited or too down," says Horner. "But people see me as not caring, as not trying, as being lazy. Believe me, I give 100% all the time. The only person I have to answer to is me." One example of his independence is that he won't take batting practice if he's happy with his stroke. Some observers interpret that as dogging it.

Horner's new physique should go a long way toward convincing his detractors that he's serious. Some of his teammates used to call him Piggy—though not to his face. The Braves have wanted him to lose weight for some time now, and trainer Dave Parsley put Horner on a strict regimen resembling the Scarsdale Diet. Yet it's a measure of Horner's independence that he says the diet was his own idea.

The three things that impress pitchers most about Horner are his strength, his savvy and his stroke. He can actually

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER KOSS JR.



The 23-year-old Horner is a cagey bunter, which is rare among players of his age and with his power

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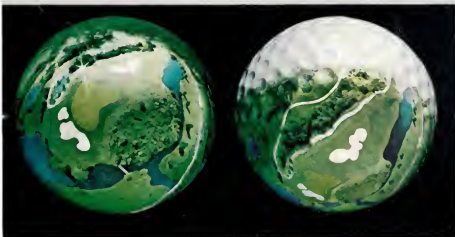
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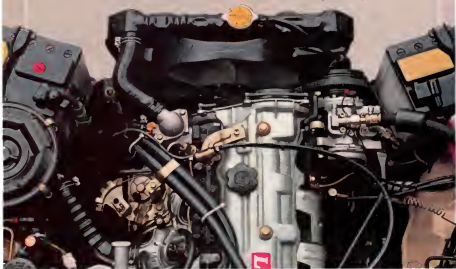
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bring a Nautilus machine to its knees. Sometimes he will take batting practice using only his bottom, or left, hand and still hit ringing line drives. Last week in an exhibition game against the Astros, Nickro threw him a perfect 3-2 slider that Horner, obviously fooled, flicked his wrists at. The ball bruised the 410-foot sign in centerfield.

Horner, by his own admission, is a guess hitter. And he has been guessing right since his first game in the majors, when he dialed eight (baseball talk for a home run, eight being the number one dials to get long distance on a hotel phone) on a Bert Blyleven curveball. "I was watching the Braves' game with the Orioles the other day on TV," says LaCorte. "His home run off Stone was something, but what really scared me was a double he hit to the opposite field. He went the other way with that pitch, and if he starts doing that, we're in trouble."

Horner's swing is unusual for a power hitter—compact. His 34½-inch, 35-ounce Adirondack swings down quickly on the ball. Most sluggers, like a Schmidt or a Dave Kingman, trace sweeping arcs in the air. As a consequence, Horner doesn't hit many tape-measure home runs. He also doesn't strike out very much—only 50 times last year. It's an unusual swing, but Horner's father, Jimmy, says his son has always had it. Jimmy was Bob's coach in the Cypress (Calif.) Little League, and if major league pitchers tremble at the prospect of throwing to Horner, think how those Little Leaguers felt. In his first season playing on a field with a fence, little Bob Horner, then 10, hit 10 home runs in 21 games.

Jimmy knows this because at home in Glendale, Ariz. he has 18 scrapbooks filled with reports of Bob's exploits. Because Bob's mother, Elaine, had a serious sinus condition, the Horners moved from Cypress to Glendale when Bob was a freshman in high school. In four years as a shortstop for Apollo High, Horner set all sorts of state home-run records and attracted the attention of most of the big-time baseball colleges. He was also drafted by the Oakland A's but chose instead to attend Arizona State. In 1977 the Sun Devils won the College World Series, and Horner was named the MVP. He also was selected as the All-America second baseman. As a junior the next year he set a single-season NCAA rec-

ord of 25 homers. He also met his future agent, Bucky Woy.

Horner likes to stand right on the plate. The pitcher's recourse, naturally, is to throw the ball inside, but as Horner says, "That's the pitch I want." LaCorte moans, "When you try to brush him back, he just stares at the ball as it goes by. Nothing fazes him."

Horner's approach to the vicissitudes of life is much the same: nothing fazes him. And goodness knows, since making him the first choice in the draft in 1978, the Braves have tried to brush him back several times. Atlanta wanted to send Horner down to its Double-A farm in Savannah when he signed, but he and Woy persuaded the Braves to let him start in the majors. Actually, persuaded isn't quite the right word. "We threatened to go back to Phoenix," says Woy. In 89 games in 1978, Horner batted .266 with 23 homers and 63 RBIs and was named the National League Rookie of the Year.

The next season the Braves offered Horner a \$100,000 contract, pointing out that they were obligated only to offer him at least 80% of his first year's wage of \$21,000. However, Woy insisted that Horner's previous year's wages also included his \$162,000 signing bonus. Horner held out through most of spring training, and the dispute went to arbitration. He won the money but lost the hearts of the Braves' fans, who booed him on Opening Day for his ingratitude and then gasped when he injured his ankle.

When Horner came back six weeks later, he went on an unconscious binge, finishing the season with 33 homers and 98 RBIs in just 121 games while batting .314. Hostility was in the air, however. Ted Turner, the Braves' owner and forever the soul of tact, intimated that the contract dispute had caused the death of Braves' Vice-President Bill Lucas. Horner called Turner a jerk. Turner said he would never deal with Woy again. Somebody, though, agreed to sign a three-year, \$1 million contract with Horner and Woy at the end of the '79 season.

That should have been the end of the dispute, but last spring the tag team of Horner and Woy found themselves in a Cagun Death Match (five minutes with no referees) with Turner and his vice-president for sycophancy, Al Thornwell.

The Braves had gotten off to a horrendous start, and Horner was a convenient scapegoat since he was batting .059 with six errors after 10 games (John Vukovich he's not.) Against the advice of both Cox and Aaron, Turner and Thornwell decided to send Horner to Richmond to teach him a lesson. With some justification Horner refused to report, but was finally reinstated after three weeks. He spent the rest of the season teaching Turner a lesson. "I didn't play angry," says Horner. "Let's just say I remembered what they tried to do to me."

In a sense, Horner will be making his fourth major league debut this season. There was his first major league game, his first post-arbitration game and his first post-Richmond game. He hopes the hassles are behind him, but he got upset when the Braves recently traded away Gary Matthews, a very good outfielder who had also provoked Turner's ire. If Turner sailed his yachts the way he runs his sports teams, he'd be continually ducking flying jibes. Says Horner, "Why can't they just put the name best guys on the field and let us play?"

Horner's outside interests include golf and oil. He plays the former to a seven handicap, and it goes without saying that he is long off the tee. He has invested in the latter, and Woy says his wells should give him a comfortable income even if a strike cuts his season short once again.

As most stars go, Horner is a recluse. He has no major endorsements; he does no soft drink commercials à la George Brett and Schmidt. He's even reluctant to do promotions for the Braves. But Woy says, "This is the year America will be introduced to Bob Horner."

It should be a banner year for him. He and his wife, Chris, are expecting their first child about the time of the All-Star Game. He batted .370 with three HRs and 14 RBIs in 18 spring training games. As for his own expectations, Horner says, "All I want to do is become as good as I can be."

That's a frightening prospect for pitchers. "I was kind of hoping that his troubles with the Braves would reach the point where he'd have to retire," says Sutton. "Seriously, he's the best young hitter I've seen come up. He'll hit 60 some day. Make that 61."

"He's awesome," says Ruhl.

"Unreal," says LaCorte.

CONTINUED

SCOUTING REPORTS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEST Welcome to the Mary Poppins division, where everything seems to be up in the air. Defending champion Houston gave up its soul. The Dodgers lost their most consistent winner, yet claim to be improved. Cincinnati made a couple of seemingly minor transactions but, in fact, substantially altered itself. Atlanta owner Ted Turner outraged both his peers and his players—no small feat, that. San Francisco acquired character when what it really needed was talent. The only club to forswear the West's fly-away logic, San Diego, gave up and started over.

Opinion is divided on how the Astros will fare after losing Joe Morgan, their second baseman and sparkplug, who as a free agent signed with the Giants. Houston couldn't have won the division without Morgan, who batted .300 the last month and a half of the season and ignited a 10-game winning streak down the stretch by calling a clubhouse meeting and reading the riot act to his teammates. "Morgan showed them how to win," says Dodger Rightfielder Reggie Smith. "I don't know if there's anyone who can take his place."

Houston Manager Bill Virdon, who puts more stock in a player's tangible qualities, thought so little of Morgan's diminished range that he often removed him in late innings, though it didn't always please his players.

Now Virdon feels the Astros may be better than ever. They picked up free agent Don Sutton (13-5), whose 2.21 ERA with Los Angeles led the league. Sutton will replace J.R. Richard (10-4), who's still recovering from last summer's stroke. In the spacious Astrodome, Sutton should reduce his yield of gopher balls—20 last season—but his usefulness can be overestimated. Considered a "seven-inning" pitcher at 35, Sutton in 1980 completed just four of his 31 starts, pitched his fewest innings (212) since 1968 and had the lowest strikeout total (128) of his major league career. Houston acquired another pitcher, San Francisco's Bob Knepper, in exchange for Third Baseman Enos Cabell. Knepper is the only leftsunder on a starting staff that includes Sutton, Richard (if he makes it back), Joe Nickro (20-12), Vern Riffe (12-4) and Nolan Ryan (11-10). The Astros are hoping the Knepper of 1981 will be the aggressive fellow who turned in records of 11-9 and 17-11 in '77 and '78, not the God Squad pacifist who slumped to 9-12 and 9-16 and shrugged off every loss as "God's will." If he doesn't work out, well, the bullpen of Dave Smith, Joe Sambrino and Frank LaCorte had an aggregate record of 23-14 and 38 saves. The Astros should again lead the league in pitching.

The myth is that the Astros were a power-poor team who won with pitching, speed and defense. In truth, Houston outmanned the opposition 75-69—a statistic admittedly attributable more to the Astro pitchers than their bat-

ters—while playing inconsistent defense, especially in the infield. First Baseman Art Howe has been relocated as third, where he began his big-league career, and Rafael Landestoy will run down more balls at second than Morgan did. "Playing third is like riding a bicycle," says Howe. "Once you've learned it, you never forget."

With a weak bat at short (Craig Reynolds, .226), little power at catcher (Alan Ashby and Luis Pujols) and an inexperienced player at first (Danny Heep), the infield isn't Houston's strong suit. That's why the Astros gave a shocking \$1.1-million, five-year deal to .240-bating Texas utilityman Dave Roberts and acquired infielders Dickie Thon from California and Kiko Garcia from Baltimore.

Defense is so important to the Astros that they were willing to sacrifice Cabell's 21 stolen bases to be rid of his 29 errors. If Centerfielder Cesar Cedeno—48 steals—is reluctant to run after ankle surgery, the go-go offense that accounted for 194 stolen bases will lean more heavily than ever on the bats of Leftfielder Jose Cruz (.302, 11 homers, 91 RBIs) and Rightfielder Terry Puhl (.282, 526 in the playoffs). "People forget that we scored only 26 fewer runs than the Dodgers," says Sutton. But the Astros had few runs to spare. Pencil them in as the favorite, but barely.

Denying that Sutton's loss means a weaker Dodger team, Manager Tom Lasorda says, "Let me tell you something. Reggie Smith, who was batting .322, had to have shoulder surgery last summer. One reliever, Terry Forster, had an elbow operation and pitched only 12 innings. Another, Don Stanhouse, missed three months with back and shoulder trouble. Our shortstop, Bill Russell, broke the index finger of his throwing hand and was out the last three weeks, and Centerfielder Pete Guerrero was out a month with a knee injury. Yet we finished in a tie for first before losing the playoff game to Houston. Now we've got those guys. If they're healthy, we'll be better."

Obviously Forster has given up the slider that wrecked his arm the last two seasons and gone back to his sharp curve. He says he's throwing without pain for the first time in six years. Adjusting to the injuries, the Dodgers uncovered depth in such performers as Rudy Law, Jay Johnstone and Derrel Thomas. The bullpen is well stocked with Forster, Stanhouse, Joe Beckwith, 1980 National League Rookie of the Year Steve Howe (17 saves) and 20-year-old Fernando Valenzuela, who didn't give up an earned run during an 18-inning cup of coffee last fall and could be L.A.'s third consecutive rookie award winner. Furthermore, Dave Goltz (7-11), who felt great pressure from having been a high-priced free agent, says he's now relaxed and ready to return to 20-win form.

But there's a Dodger downside, too. Comeback Player of the Year Jerry Reuss will be hard pressed to repeat his 18-6 record, and the other probable starters, Burt Hooton (14-8), Bob Welch (14-9), Goltz and 1979 Rookie of the Year Rick Sutcliffe (3-9) don't match up well with Houston's rotation. First Baseman Steve Garvey (.304, 200 hits, 26 homers, 106 RBIs, 835 consecutive games) and

Leftfielder Dusty Baker (.294, 29 home runs, 97 RBIs) are the most dependable hitters. The new centerfielder is Ken Landreaux, a .281 hitter last year with Minnesota.

Rightfield belongs to Smith if he can throw, and Guerrero or Law if he can't. In the DH-less National League, of course, an outfielder who doesn't throw doesn't play regularly, and during most of spring training, Smith was reduced to the demeaning—and irrelevant—job of designated hitter when the opponent was from the American League. "I have to reach the point where I can throw 200 feet on a line," says Smith, once the possessor of a cannonlike arm. "I still have to break the adhesions and rebuild the throwing process." Lasorda underscores Smith's importance thusly: "Would you rather wear blue jeans or a \$200 suit?" If Smith is torn and tattered at 36, so are the aging wonderboys of Elysian Park.

By acquiring Mike Vail (.292 career average) and Larry Bittner (.272), the Reds improved their bench but not their Bench. After 13 consecutive seasons of catching 100 or more games, Johnny Bench will ease his tired and bruised body behind the plate just twice a week. Last season, largely because Bench was ailing, Cincinnati was par-

ticularly vulnerable to the steal. With Joe Nolan or Mike O'Berry behind the plate, the Reds just aren't the same. To compound the problem, Bench hopes to play semi-regularly at another position, probably first, third or rightfield. Needless to say, the occupants of those spots—Dan Driessen at first, Ray Knight at third and Dave Collins in right—are not overjoyed by the prospect. But the dilemma extends beyond bruised feelings. When Bench isn't playing, the club will miss his power (24 homers). When he replaces Driessen, Knight or Collins, the league's best defense (106 errors) will suffer.

In other respects, however, the Reds should be improved. George Foster, who had, for him, a subpar season (.285, 25 homers, 93 RBIs), is healthier and happier, and there's no reason Ken Griffey (.294) can't edge back over .300. The double-play combination of Dave Concepcion at short and Ron Oester at second should be even better now that Concepcion has had calcium deposits removed from his right elbow.

"We figure we're a better team this year because of what we went through last year," says Manager John McNamara. What the Reds endured was traumatic: pitchers Tom Seaver (10-8) and Frank Pastore (13-7) were lost for more than a month apiece. Still, Cincinnati finished only 3½ games back because such youngsters as Joe Price, Mike LaCoss and Paul Moskau pitched well in their colleagues' absence, and Tom Hume had another fine year in the bullpen, with 25 saves. To avoid a further bout of tendonitis, Seaver threw daily over the winter, for the first time.

But it could take a 20-win season from either Pastore or Mario Soto (10-8) for the 1979 divisional champs to win. Pastore is the more likely candidate. At 23 he already has an excellent fastball, a good changeup and breaking ball and such pinpoint control that he walked only 42 batters in 185 innings. Soto, who was 9-5, with four saves and a 2.29 ERA after the All-Star break, has pitched in every capacity—long and short relief, spot starting—except that of a full time starter. Now he's got a front-line job. And no wonder: thanks to an excellent changeup, his ratio of strikeouts to innings pitched (182-190) led the league last year.

Atlanta had lost nine of its first 10 games when owner Turner tried unsuccessfully to demote Third Baseman Bob Horner (page 25) to the minors. Then Turner left town to get ready to compete in the America's Cup Trials, and the Braves set sail toward their best record (81-80) since 1974. Unfortunately, Turner returned. Over the winter he signed inconsistent Outfielder Claudell Washington to a whopping, five-year, \$3.5 million contract. Then Turner refused to grant his redoubtable rightfielder, Gary Matthews, a deal similar to Washington's and traded him to Philadelphia for Pitcher Bob Walk. Matthews' punch—75 RBIs in '80—will be missed.

continued



With a rejuvenated finger, Pastore should blur the ball past the hitters once again.

SCOUTING REPORTS continued

Nonetheless, the Braves' mood is generally upbeat. They can afford to be optimistic because they improved themselves dramatically up the middle. Bruce Benedict took over the catcher's job in midseason, hit .253, ended the long-standing Brave tradition of generosity toward base stealers and handled everything thrown his way, including Phil Niekro's dancing knuckler. Shortstop Rafael Ramirez hit .267 in 50 games. When Glenn Hubbard took over second from Jerry Royster, and Dale Murphy ended his pilgrimage—from first to catcher to left to right to center—the Braves had themselves a ball team. They were just six games out with three weeks to go.

The 6' 5" Murphy is the first Brave to arrive at practice and the last to leave; he hits for points (.281) and power (33 homers, 89 RBIs) and races around the outfield like a cheetah. Playing his second straight partial season, Horner had 35 homers and 89 RBIs in just 124 games. Washington could contribute 25 or so stolen bases, a big boost to a club that was last in the league with 73, and give Atlanta another left-handed bat to go with that of First Baseman Chris Chambliss.

ML WEST	W	L	Pct.	BATTING	RBIS	HR	SB	ERA	CG	SAVES	FIELDING
HOUSTON	93	70	.571	261+	637+	75+	194+	3.10+	33+	41+	978+
LOS ANGELES	92	71	.564	263+	663+	148+	123+	3.24+	24+	42+	981+
CINCINNATI	89	75	.549	262+	797+	113+	136+	3.83+	30+	37+	983+
ATLANTA	81	80	.503	250+	630+	144+	73+	3.77+	29+	37+	973+
SAN FRANCISCO	75	86	.466	244+	573+	80+	100+	3.46+	27+	35+	975+
SAN DIEGO	73	89	.451	255+	591+	67+	239+	3.65+	19+	30+	960+

A + or - beside each 1983 statistic indicates expected improvement or decline in 1984

Are the Braves contenders or pretenders? Consider the pitching. Niekro (15-18) and Gaylord Perry (10-13 with Texas and New York) are Hall of Fame candidates, to be sure, but they total 84 years between them. Perry admits that he's lost his "hammer" altogether, and, of course, the knuckling Niekro never had one. Then there's John (The Count) Montefusco, who was 4-8 in a troubled season with San Francisco. Nonetheless, the Braves thought enough of his potential to trade Doyle Alexander (14-11) for him. The bullpen has Rick Camp (6-4, 1.92, 22 saves). Says Niekro, "I can't remember when I felt so good about this club." The Braves are probably no more than pretenders, but at least they're enthusiastic ones.

San Francisco once again has a harmonious clubhouse. The new manager succeeding Dave Bristol is Frank Robinson, and the Giants' most talented player, Rightfielder Jack Clark, is delighted with the change. Though Clark batted .284, with 22 homers and 82 RBIs, he earned a reputation for "playing dumb" by running unwisely and forgetting the number of outs on more than one occasion. He's expected to pay closer attention under Robinson.

Unfortunately, Robinson has little else to work with. San Francisco has a history of bringing up players with considerable promise who never bloom. Such was First Baseman Rich Murray's potential that Willie McCovey retired in midseason to make way for him; Murray was hampered

by pulled hand ligaments and batted only .216. This year the Giants will try Cabell at first, leaving Darrell Evans at third. The odd man out is Mike Ivey, who could play left if it weren't for Jerry Martin, late of the Cubs. Elsewhere, Robinson has a \$1 million infield at second base alone; Rennie Stennett (\$600,000 a year) and Morgan (\$400,000). Morgan will start.

The Giants could improve marginally if starters Vida Blue (14-10), Ed Whitson (11-13) and Alexander (14-11) have good years and rookie Fred Breining pitches as well during the season as he did in Arizona. Thanks to its excellent bullpen, San Francisco placed a respectable fourth in the league with a 3.46 ERA. Rightlander Greg Minton had 19 saves, and Al Holland, a gem mined from the Pittsburgh organization, added seven more and a sparkling 1.76 ERA. The stocky Holland made maximum use of a fastball that can sail, tail—or nail—a righthanded batter.

The atmosphere in San Diego is almost festive. If the Padres lost their name players—Leftfielder Dave Winfield to free agency and Reliever Rolfe Fingers and Catcher Gene Tenace in a trade with St. Louis—they also lost three unhappy

souls who depressed both the clubhouse and their overmatched manager, Jerry Coleman. What's left are young players eager to establish reputations and a popular—but tough—new manager in Frank Howard. Howard literally grew in stature with his hiring; he was 6' 7" during his playing career but is listed at 6' 8" in the Padre press guide.

His brightest new pupil is Catcher Terry Kennedy, who was ac-

quired in the Tenace-Fingers deal. An outstanding but little-used prospect in St. Louis, Kennedy batted .254 in 84 games. "I'll catch every inning of every game if they want me to," he says. "I'm not worried about hitting or throwing. The most important contribution I can make is to help the team's young pitchers."

Despite their last-place finish, the Padres attracted 1,139,026 paying customers. Holdovers from that team include Shortstop Ozzie Smith and Leftfielder Gene Richards, who stole 57 and 61 bases respectively. Smith also won a Gold Glove, setting a major league record for shortstops with 621 assists, including 12 in a single day. "I want to add numbers onto my batting average but not sacrifice anything on defense," says Smith, who hit .230 but reached base 71 times on walks. Two former Yankees complete the outfield, Ruppert Jones in center (.223 last year) and Joe LeFebvre in right (.227).

Second Baseman Juan Bonilla, acquired last week from Cleveland, is an excellent fielder. Third Baseman Luis Salazar hit .337 in 44 games after coming up from Hawaii. And new First Baseman Randy Bass is a minor league legend who had 150 hits, 143 RBIs and 37 homers in only 123 games at Denver last season. Finally reaching the majors at age 27, Bass will supply whatever power the Padre lineup packs.

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NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE EAST One of the more touching scenes of last or any season took place at Olympic Stadium in Montreal on Oct. 4. The Expos, having just donated the division title to the Philadelphia Phillies by a score of 6-4, were looking properly crestfallen as they filed out of the clubhouse. The jolt, though, was that almost every Expo had a small likeness of Youppi, the team's fluffy orange mascot, tucked under his arm. The dolls were a gift from the club, and, of course, they were meant for the players' children, but the sight of grown men trying to keep stuff upper lip as they cuddled stuffed animals was both funny and sad. The funny part was that the Expos really did have some growing-up to do. The sad part was that in order to do that, they had to lose in such ignominious fashion. "It was the emptiest feeling I've ever had," says Warren Cromartie. "When I got home after the season I heard the same things over and over: 'What happened to you guys?' and 'Why'd you guys choke?' I don't want to hear those things again." Two years ago the Expos finished two games out of first. Last year they were frustrated again, falling one game short. This year Bowie (Nanook) Kuhn should enjoy the bracing weather of Montreal in October.

The Expos shouldn't start printing playoff tickets just yet, though. After all, the world champion Phillies aren't about to let go without a struggle, not after it took 98 years to win the team's first World Series. Then there are the St. Louis Cardinals, housecleaned by Whitey Herzog, and the Pittsburgh Pirates, long in tooth but stout of heart. The only certainty in this, the best-balanced and worst behaved division in baseball, is that four teams—maybe even five, Kong willing—will begin September with legitimate playoff hopes. Should the season end with a strike on May 28, look for the meek Chicago Cubs to win. Chicago insured another early start by acquiring Third Baseman Ken Reitz, a perennial spring terror. You heard it here first. Film it 11.

Youppi dolls aren't the only reason to pick Montreal. The team is on the verge. Of the projected starting eight, six players are just now approaching their prime. The exceptions are Shortstop Chris Speier, who's still going steady at 30, and rookie Leftfielder Tim Lincecum, a converted second baseman who will try to fill Ron LeFlore's track shoes. The lineup features the best catcher, Gary Carter, and the best centerfielder, Andre Dawson, in the league. Carter hit 29 homers and drove in 101 runs last year, and also won a Gold Glove while leading the majors in assists with 108, the most by any catcher since Luke Sewell had 117 for Cleveland in 1928. Dawson, too, was a Gold Glover while batting .308 with 87 RBIs. He stole 34 bases, had 17 game-winning RBIs and either scored or drove in 24% of all Expo runs. Third Baseman Larry Parrish was a star two years ago, but an injured left wrist in 1980 cut his homers from 30 to 15 and his average from .307 to .254. The worst no longer bothers him. Second Baseman Rodney Scott hit only

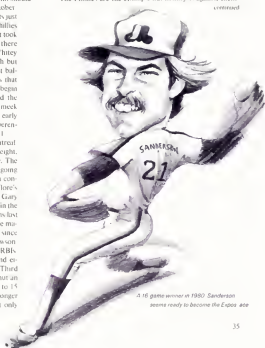
.224, but he did find first base often enough to steal 63 bases and score 84 runs. Cromartie (.288, 70 RBIs) will be at first base again. Raines, who patterned himself after his idol, Joe Morgan, and comes in the same compact size, hit .354 with 77 stolen bases at Denver last year. He's shooting for 280 and 80 thefts with the Expos.

Montreal also has the funny Valentine, Ellis, one of the most talented players in the game. In little more than half a season, 311 at bats last year, he drove in 67 runs. But during spring training he refused to take hitting practice at the auxiliary field in West Palm Beach, because of the bad hitting background, and then threatened to flatten anyone who teased him about it. The Expos would like to trade him, especially for a stopper out of the bullpen. But he is also the best curveball hitter on the team, and the Expos are supposedly susceptible to curves.

Montreal has the deepest pitching in the division. The first three starters are Steve Rogers, Scott Sanderson and Bill Gullickson. "Any of us could win 20," says Sanderson. "Maybe all three." Rogers and Sanderson were both 16-11 last year, and Gullickson won 10 after being called up on May 29. For relief, comic and otherwise, the Expos are hoping that 41-year-old tobacco farmer Woodie Fryman hasn't run out of juice.

The Phillies are the champs, but history is against them.

continued



A 16 game winner in 1980, Sanderson seems ready to become the Expos ace

SCOUTING REPORTS continued

the 1975 Pirates are the only team to win the division after finishing first by less than two games the previous year. Some of the more paranoid Phillies even think the manager, Dallas Green, is against them. The Phillies won against all odds last year, but this season they could be headed for a breakdown.

Philadelphia is a potent team, though Mike Schmidt (page 20) may be hard-pressed to match his 48 homers and 121 RBIs. At the opposite corner of the diamond is Pete Rose, who in just two years became a fine fielder. Rose won't hit .282 again this year; .300 would be more like it, a figure befitting his new rose-colored bat. In between them are Manny Trillo, the best all-round second baseman in the league, and Larry Bowa. Bowa isn't Larry Bowa anymore, but the Phillies will probably need another year to convince themselves of that. The catching will be juggled between Keith Moreland, representing the future and offense, and Bob Boone, representing the past and defense.

The Phillies wanted Gary Matthews so badly that they traded Pitcher Bob Walk for him twice, on March 18 and March 25. Matthews should lift some of the power load off Schmidt, but the Phillies have two other right-hand-hitting leftfielders in Lonnie Smith and former Brewer Dick Davis. In centerfield is Garry Maddox, of whom it was once said, "Two-thirds of the earth is covered with water, the other third by Garry Maddox." However, his average (.259 last year) has been dropping steadily since he hit .330 in 1976. The rightfielder is Bake McBride, who became a big RBI man last year with 87. McBride may start slowly, however, because of a tender right thumb.

Steve Carlton, the best left-hander of his generation, had another great year, winning the Cy Young Award for the third time with a 24-9 record and a 2.34 ERA. He may be 36, but, as Carlton says, "... He has a worthy second in Dick Ruthven, 17-10 last year and yielded only nine home runs in 223 innings. Larry Christenson, Nuno Espinosa and Marty Bystrom, who was 5-0 in a September cameo, complete the starting staff. Tug McGraw probably won't be as effective this year—it's the law of relieving.

Late last season when Whitey Herzog was wearing only his general manager's hat for the Cardinals, he phoned down to interim Manager Red Schoendienst in the dugout and told him, "Just hold them for a few more innings, and I'll see if I can get Sutter." Well, Herzog got Bruce Sutter from the Cubs for Rentz and Leon Durham ... and he got Darrell Porter for \$3.5 million ... and he got Rollie Fingers, Bob Shirley and Gene Tenace from the Padres for Terry Kennedy, a utility infielder, a third-string catcher and the Springfield pitching staff ... and he got Sesto Lezcano, Larry Sorensen and two hot prospects from the Brewers for Fingers, Ted Simmons and Pete Vuckovich. "Whitey's a good friend," says Expo Manager Williams, "but he made one trade too many. Personally, we're very happy to have Simmons and Vuckovich out of our hair."

Only 11 of the 25 players who went north with the Cardinals last year are with the club this season. General Manager Herzog sought to build his type of team: swift, with a

hint of power, like his old Kansas City Royals. To manage the club he interviewed a number of candidates, Gene Mauch among them. His conclusion: "I couldn't find a better manager than Whitey Herzog." He probably didn't look very hard.

The Cardinals led the league in hitting (.275) and runs scored last year (see box), but those are misleading statistics considering that in 77 games the team scored three runs or fewer. Most of their troubles originated in the bullpen, which could scrape together only 27 saves. Enter Sutter, who has had 31, 27, 37 and 28 the last four years. How good is he? Says Herzog, "The best" ... dramatic pause ... "in history. If he was here last year, you'd be talking to Ken Boyer right now."

Herzog is no more pleased about Sutter's arrival than his starting pitchers, though Bob Forsch has rolled three straight 11-win seasons after being 20-7 in 1977. The other starters include Andy Rincon, who was very impressive in four late-season starts, and Silvio Martinez, who seems to have recovered from an elbow problem. Left-handers Jim Kaat, who broke in with the Washington Senators in 1959, and Bob Shirley will both start and relieve.

The Cardinals are counting heavily on comebacks by Porter and Lezcano. If Porter can approach his '79 figures of 101 runs, 121 walks and 112 RBIs, he'll be a bargain. His understudy will be Tenace, who would still be good for 20 homers and 100 walks if he played regularly. Lezcano, who will play leftfield, saw his average dip 92 points to .229 last year. Although he's nowhere near that bad, expectations of improvement must be tempered by the realization that American League imports traditionally have a problem adjusting to National League pitching. George Hendrick is back in right, coming off a splendid year (.302, 25 HRs and 109 RBIs), and Tony Scott will be in center. Scott stole 22 bases last year, but he should at least double that under Herzog's green light.

The only other question mark is at second base, where Herzog has planted Tommy Herr, a .248 hitter last year. Ken Oberkfell, a steady .300 hitter with zero power, moves from second to third. Keith Hernandez won his third consecutive Gold Glove at first base last year and finished second in the league in batting with a .321 average. Garry Templeton (.319, 31 stolen bases) is simply the most gifted shortstop in the league.

When they were champions, the Pirates enjoyed comparisons with the Steelers. Now they'll have to suffer the comparisons. Like the Steelers, who failed to make the playoffs last season, the Pirates are aging and hobbled. Second Baseman Phil Garner underwent surgery on his right shoulder last week and will be out until mid-May. Willie Stargell, who had knee surgery in September, is behind schedule in his recovery. Dave Parker, who had knee surgery in November, hit a home run in his first swing of spring training, but he says, "I know I can hit. I just don't know if I can run." And they are the heart and soul of the Pirates.

Parker appears to be carrying too much weight for his knee. Third Baseman Bill Madlock has to shed some pounds, too. In fact, the clubhouse looks a little like a health spa.

continued





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SCOUTING REPORTS (continued)

One Pirate who is in trim is none other than Luis Tiant, a 40-year-old for the fifth straight year. Tiant will begin the season in Portland, but don't be surprised if he's pitching for Pittsburgh in June. The rotation is now dependent on the recoveries of Rick Rhoden and Don Robinson from shoulder troubles. Jim Bobby won 19 last year, but he may have been pitching over his 6' 5" head. John Candelaria had his worst year ever (11-14, 4.02 ERA), but he has a chance to become a free agent at the end of the season, and that may be the incentive to push him toward his potential. The Pirates are very long on short relief with Kent Tekulve, Enrique Romo, Victor Cruz and Grant Jackson.

Centerfielder Omar Moreno stole 96 bases, although he had only a .249 average. If he hits better this year, John Bench won't be the only catcher pushing for a two-day week. In leftfield is Mike Easler/Lee Lacy, a lefty/righty who hit .337 with 28 homers and 107 RBIs last year. Two important newcomers are First Baseman Jason Thompson, the former Angel, and Catcher Tony Pena, the former Portland Beaver. Manager Chuck Tanner says, "Our players have a lot of confidence, a lot of pride, a lot to prove. People who pick us for fourth are wrong." Sorry, Chuck, they're right.

You've heard the one about the trade that helps both teams. Well, it happened on March 1, when the Mets sent Leftfielder Steve Henderson to the Cubs for Dave Kingman. The Cubs held a champagne party to celebrate their loss. But Neil Allen, who has faced Kingman 11 times as a Met reliever and given up seven hits, three of them homers, says, "I will want on him hand and foot."

The new Dave Kingman graciously presented the New York writers with Cross pens engraved "3/4/81 DK" and said, "Just don't turn them into swords." Kingman gives the Mets the power hitter they've lacked since the old Dave Kingman left, five teams and four years ago. "We finally have some balance," says Lee Mazzilli, who's salivating at the thought of the fastballs he'll get batting in front of Kingman. Kong may not be Mr. Nice Guy, but he's still only a year removed from 48 homers. "His negative effect will be outweighed by his positives," says Manager Joe Torre.

Unfortunately, with Kingman the Mets now have four players whose best position is first base. One of them is Rusty Staub, signed as a free agent over the winter. That puts Kingman in leftfield, a dangerous proposition, although only slightly more dangerous than Henderson was there. Mazzilli is back in centerfield, weak arm and all, and Rookie Mookie (or is it Mookie Rookie?) Wilson will play right and steal bases. Mookie got his name as a child from his grandmother because he couldn't pronounce the word milk.

Second Baseman Doug Flynn signed a five-year, \$2 million contract, putting him among the highest paid 243 hitters in baseball. But that's how good a fielder he is. Shortstop Frank Taveras, somewhat erratic in the field, is at times a dynamo on the base paths. John Stearns gets the Don Zimmer Award as this year's opening Met third baseman un-

less, of course, it's Hubie Brooks. Staub will play first and yield to Mike Jorgensen in the late innings.

Pitching is no longer the strong suit of the Mets, and Torre might be sorely tempted to put his new pitching coach, Bob Gibson, on the mound now and then. Torre would like more than one good month out of Pat Zachry and the return to form of Randy Jones, acquired from the Padres. Craig Swan, the Mets' best pitcher when healthy, was encouraging in spring training, as was rookie Tim Lary. The bullpen is excellent with Allen (22 saves) and Jeff Reardon (2.62 ERA in 61 games). Also relieving will be Dyer Miller, who has already shown considerable talent with the cowhide: he won a preseason mookieing—sorry—milking contest against the Pirates' Garner.

The Cubs may not be any better, but they'll be happier. "Kingman was like a cavity that made your whole mouth sore," says Pitcher Bill Caudill. The Mets and Cubs play one another this weekend, and Pitcher Lynn McGlothen has already offered to plunk Kingman in the ribs. Kingman's reply: "If I threw like Lynn, I wouldn't want to put the ball over the plate either."

Now that Kingman is gone, the Cubs have little or no power. Durham, picked up from the Cards, will wear King-

AL EAST	W	L	PCT	BATTING	K/9	HR	SB	ERA	CG	SAVES	FIELDING
PHILADELPHIA	91	71	.562	.270	7.28	117	140	3.43	25	40	.979
MONTREAL	90	72	.556	.257	6.94	114	127	3.48	11	36	.977
PITTSBURGH	83	79	.542	.266	6.66	116	209	3.58	25	41	.978
ST. LOUIS	74	88	.457	.275	7.78	101	117	3.93	34	27	.980
NEW YORK	67	95	.414	.257	6.81	61	158	3.85	3	11	.975
CHICAGO	64	98	.395	.251	6.64	107	93	3.89	13	35	.974

W + or - denotes each 1000 at-bats; indicates expected number of errors or double in 1981

man's No. 10 and bat cleanup, he had eight homers last year. The Cubs still have Bill Buckner at first base, the leading hitter in the league last year with a .324 average.

The defense, particularly in the infield, will be vastly improved. Cub third basemen made a total of 41 errors last year. Ken Reitz, obtained in a trade, made only eight while with the Cards. Ivan DeJesus (.259, 44 stolen bases) is probably the most underrated shortstop in the game. Second Baseman Joe Sfram, who comes from the Giants, is a good hitter and smooth fielder with limited range. The outfield will be inhabited by Durham, Henderson and Scott Thompson, who won the centerfield job although he batted only .212 last year. Rookie Jim Tracy could crash this group.

The starting pitching begins and ends with the rotund Rick Reuschel. Surprisingly enough, Manager Joe Amalfitano may not miss Sutter at all. Dick Tidrow appeared in 84 games, the most in the majors, and had a 2.79 ERA. Caudill had a 2.18 ERA in 128 innings with 112 strikeouts. In addition, Rookie Lee Smith, an overpowering right-handed, had an excellent spring. But considering all the problems, there's little wonder that General Manager Bob Kennedy walked out of one spring training game in disgust.

—STEVE WELLS

CONTINUED

 AMERICAN LEAGUE

THE WEST The Kansas City Royals, runaway winners of the division and league championships, aren't standing pat. Indeed, profound changes are in the works. U.L. Washington, for example, is removing his toothpick. "I got tired of answering questions about it," he explained in answer to questions about its absence. For the same reason, he added, "I might even change my name." A Kansas City infield without Washington's toothpick won't be the same, but the outfield will be even more noticeably transformed. Willie Wilson will move from left to center and Amos Otis, a three-time Gold Glove centerfielder, will shift to left. This is no reflection on Otis' abilities, says Manager Jim Frey. It's merely an attempt to make fuller use of Wilson's extraordinary speed, particularly on artificial surfaces such as Kansas City's. Otis, who will be 34 on April 26, was displeased with the move at first, but later he accepted it philosophically. "You can't fight City Hall," he said, coining a phrase. "I'll just try to be the best leftfielder in baseball now." Clint Hurdle, who was platooned in rightfield last year, will play there full-time now, which to him is a welcome change.

Darrell Porter has gone east to St. Louis, so John Wathan, who hit .305 as a catcher, first baseman and outfielder a year ago, is No. 1 behind the plate. "The big problem here isn't replacing Porter," says Frey. "It's replacing Wathan." The Royals hired three veteran hands to fill in for their one-man bench—Catcher Jerry Grote, First Baseman Lee May and Outfielder Cesar Geronimo. May had been a designated hitter for Baltimore and Geronimo, once a Gold Glove centerfielder himself, had been riding the Cincinnati bench. Grote spent last year working in his own butcher shop. "Two years ago I retired from baseball to be closer to my family," he says. "Last October my wife left me." Elsewhere for the Royals, Willie Aikens is at first, Frank White at second, MVP George Brett, recovering from more hemorrhoid surgery, at third and Washington at short. The starting pitchers will be Dennis Leonard, Rich Gale, Larry Gura and Paul Splittorff. Don Quisenberry, who tied the Yankees' Goose Gossage with a league-leading 33 saves in 1980, is in the bullpen with Rene Martin, Ken Brett and a host of others.

The Oakland A's will still play "Billy Ball," trot out the same indefatigable starters and field the league's best all-around outfield combination. And they still have vacancies in the bullpen and troubles in the infield. Manager Billy Martin will try to plug the holes in his infield by using eight men there. He will platoon Dave Reverson and Jeff Newman at first, Brian Doyle and Dave McKay at second and Wayne Gross and Mickey Klutts at third, Rob Piccolo and Fred Stanley both hit righthanded, but Martin will alternate them at shortstop anyway to keep them fresh. Billy will also platoon his designated hitters, lefty Mitchell Page

and righty Cliff Johnson. Doyle, Klutts, Stanley and Johnson previously played for Martin as Yankees.

The search goes on for relief help. The A's had only 13 saves last season, but their starters finished a league-record 94 games, so there was not much left to save. Bob Lacey, a pukeish lefthander, was the bullpen "workhorse" with 47 appearances and six saves. He's not around this year, though, because General Manager Billy Martin traded him. Seems Lacey complained too often to Manager Martin about his lack of work. The A's brought 29 pitchers into camp, hoping that among them was a Gossage or a Quisenberry might be found. Even if none is there, Martin has Mike Norris (22-9, 24 complete games), Rick Langford (19-12, 28), Matt Keough (16-13, 20), Steve McCarty (14-14, 11) and Brian Kingman (8-20, 10) to render the bullpen obsolete.

The outfield of Ricky Henderson in left, Dwayne Murphy in center and Tony Armas in right is equally formidable. Murphy hit .274 and scored 86 runs batting second behind Henderson, and Armas hit 35 homers, drove in 109 runs and had 17 assists. But it was Henderson who electrified the fans. He hit .303, scored 111 runs, walked 117 times and broke Ty Cobb's American League record with 100 stolen bases. He's only 22, and he's working on his bunting. "I've been doing 50 to 100 bunts a day in spring training," he said at the A's camp in Scottsdale, Ariz. "I'm trying to deaden the ball, give a little with the bat. If I can make the defense more honest by bunting, I won't get cheated anymore on balls hit into the hole because, with my speed, they won't dare play me so deep." Henderson, one of those rare players who throw left and bat right, reasons that with astute bunting, he can hit between .330 and .350. As for stealing bases, "I should have more this year because I didn't steal all that much the first part of the season when Billy was just learning what I could do."

Charlie Finley is gone at last, replaced by energetic—and very rich—new owners from Levi Strauss, and Martin has his team stirred up as it hasn't been since the World Champion days nearly a decade ago. A shortstop here, a reliever there, and the A's could be trouble.

The California Angels have certain assets of their own—a vastly improved defense and a Murderers' Row batting order. The trades with Boston that gave them Fred Lynn, Rick Barleson and Butch Hobson added three more big bats and, in Centerfielder Lynn and Shortstop Barleson, filled defensive gaps. With Lynn, Don Baylor and Rod Carew, they have three Most Valuable Players in the lineup, a luxury that did nothing for the Red Sox last year. So potent is the Angel batting order that, in all probability, the eighth and ninth hitters will be Second Baseman Bobby Grich and Third Baseman Hobson, both of whom have hit as many as 30 homers in a season and driven in more than 100 runs. The Angels lost Baylor, Catcher Brian Downing (.326 in 1979) and Rightfielder Dan Ford (101 RBIs in '79) to injuries for much of last season, but Baylor and Ford, at least, are back and healthy again. Downing, however, is still bothered by the left ankle he fractured at the beginning of last season. For this reason, the Angels last week traded First Baseman Jason Thompson, who hit 21 homers and drove in 90 runs in 1980) to the Pirates for Catcher Ed Ott

and Pitcher Mickey Mahler. Carew and Lynn are former batting champions and Baylor has led the league in RBIs. For good measure, the Angels have been looking hard at 20-year-old Tom Brunansky, who hit .323 with 24 homers and 97 RBIs at El Paso in Double A last season. He may stick as the leftfielder. The Angels have the bats.

What they don't have is pitching. Last year's staff had a collective ERA of 4.52 and 72 fewer complete games than the A's. There are a few journeymen among the starters—Geoff Zahn, Bill Travers, Steve Renko—and some promising younger pitchers—Mike Witt and Fred Martinez—but it's a weak front line. The bullpen, with Andy Hawler, Don Aase and possibly John D'Acquisto, is only slightly better. But the team could get lucky. Maybe, as Special Assignment Scout Bill Rigney suggested, the Angels will never lose a game on the road because "they'll never be able to get our guys out in the top of the first, and our starter will never have to go out there." At home, alas, the reverse may be true.

The most improved team in the division should be the White Sox, who have added big-name players Carlton Fisk, Ron LeFlore and Greg Luzinski to a lineup previously unknown beyond the South Side of Chicago. Catcher Fisk adds, perhaps, 25 homers to the Sox' languid attack and LeFlore stole 29 more bases 197 to 681 than last year's entire team. He should also score 100 runs, a feat no Sox player has achieved in 23 years. Luzinski, purchased from Philadelphia during spring training, beefs up the DH spot. The team may even have found a double-play combination in Second Baseman Tony Bernazard, obtained from Montreal, and Shortstop Todd Cruz, a 1980 arrival from California, who reputedly has the strongest arm of any shortstop in the league. Cruz also has a reputation for making the hard plays look easy and the easy plays look hard. But White Sox Coach Bobby Winkles apparently cured him of his careless habit of one-handing routine grounders, and Cruz had only five errors in his final 45 games last season. Jim Morrison will move from second base to third and Mike Squares will be at first. Both hit .283 last year. Squares will be a significant defensive improvement over Lantar Johnson and a natural No. 2 hitter behind LeFlore. Neither LeFlore in left nor Harold Barnes in right will be much help defensively, so Centerfielder Chet Lemon has his work cut out for him.

The Sox' starting pitchers—Britt Burns, Ross Baumgarten, Dick Dotson, Steve (Rainbow) Trout and Lamar Hoyt—are all under 30 and should benefit from Fisk's years of pressure-hustle experience. Baumgarten, 25, had a deceptively miserable 2-12 record last year, but his ERA was a decent 3.44 and his teammates scored a total of only 25 runs in his 23 starts. In 10 of those starts they didn't score a single run for him. Burns' 2.84 ERA was third-best in the league, and 23-year-old Trout, left-handed son of former Tiger Pitcher Dizzy, has what Manager Tony LaRussa considers to be one of the 10 best arms in the league. Trout concedes, however, that he does not have one of

the 10 best heads. "I threw a changeup to the No. 8 batter in a game with Toronto last year and he beat me with a homer," he says. "I'll never make a mistake like that again. I was trying to be cute when I should have been going with my hard stuff." The bullpen is solid with Ed Farmer (30 saves), Farmer is a right-hander, and three of the key Sox starters—Burns, Trout and Baumgarten—are lefties.

Unlike their Chicago counterparts, Texas' pitchers, with two notable exceptions, run to age. Ferguson Jenkins is 37, Doc Medich 32 and Jon Matlack 31. The team also traded away four young pitchers to Seattle as part of the deal that brought 26-year-old Rick Honeycutt, who was 10-17 last year. But the Rangers' most promising youngster is 25-year-old Danny Darwin, who was 13-4 in '80 with a 2.63 ERA and 104 strikeouts in 110 innings. Darwin worked in short relief last year after Jim Kern, once the scourge of the league, went steadily to ruin. Darwin will be a starter this year, an assignment he welcomes. He will bring to it a whirling fast-ball and some recently developed off-speed and breaking pitches. As happy as he is to be in the starting rotation, Darwin doesn't regret his time in the bullpen. "I learned a discipline there I never had before," he says. "I learned not to make mistakes. Now I'm working on a change and a curve, which I'll need as a starter."

But the key to the Rangers' season is still Kern, who fell

continued



With 100 stolen bases last year, Henderson proved he is a shooaround.

SCOUTING REPORTS continued

to 3-11 last year with a 4.83 ERA and only two saves from 13-5, 1.57 and 29 the previous season. Kern was a marked man in 1980. He injured his pitching elbow, then hurt his neck while throwing in pain. Finally, on Aug. 9, he was hit in the mouth by a catcher's return toss in the bullpen while he was watching a foul ball sail into the stands. "My knees didn't even buckle," he says. "I fell straight back like a tree. I remembered nothing—not even leaving the house to go to the ball park—until I woke up the next morning."

Kern worked out three hours a day six days a week in the off-season, running, exercising, lifting weights, and reported to camp carrying 17 extra pounds of muscle. "I'm in the best shape I've been in since I was with the Marine Corps at Parris Island in '69," he says.

New Manager Don Zimmer seems to feel the Rangers have solved their most nagging deficiency of a year ago, at shortstop, with the addition of Mario Mendoza, who came to Texas in the trade with Seattle for Richie Zisk and the young pitchers. Mendoza learned to field on the rocky

Smalley and Castano is pretty fair. Smalley doesn't have great range, but Castano, who hit .302 last season, is one of the quickest and most daring of third basemen. The outfield has rookies Gary Ward and Greg Johnston and third-year man Hosken Powell. Ah, youth. Koosman, Al Williams, Pete Redfern and Roger Erickson figure to be four of Manager John Gory's five starting pitchers. The Twins' bullpen is bulwarmed by the rookie flash, Doug Corbett, who won eight games, saved 23 and had an ERA of 1.99. Nevertheless, the Twins already seem to be looking ahead to next year. Last week they traded Centerfielder Ken Landreux to the Dodgers for Mackey Hatcher and a couple of minor-leaguers. After riding the bench for L.A., Hatcher will appear often at first and in the outfield.

One would expect an old base thief like Maury Wills to build his team around speed. Not so. Wills, starting his first full season as manager of the Seattle Mariners, spent the winter looking for power, and he thinks he's found it in Richie Zisk and Jeff Burroughs. "Everybody thinks I'd like to have a running club," says Wills. "Well, if I'd had the option, I'd have been a home-run hitter. I'd have broken Babe Ruth's [single-season major league] record, not Ty Cobb's. I didn't have a choice then. I do now. In the Kingdom [with its 357-foot power alleys], you have to score four, five, six runs to win. You need sock there. That's why we went out and got Zisk and Burroughs. We still have some base-stealers." Julio Cruz, the fancy-fielding second

AL WEST	W	L	Pct	BATTING	RUNS	HR	SB	ERA	CG	SAVES	FIELDING
KANSAS CITY	97	65	.599	286+	309+	115+	183+	3.83+	37+	42+	978+
OAKLAND	83	79	.512	259+	284+	137+	175+	3.46+	94+	13+	979+
MINNESOTA	77	84	.478	265+	270+	99+	62+	3.93+	35+	30+	971+
TEXAS	76	85	.472	284+	276+	124+	91+	4.02+	35+	25+	977+
CHICAGO	70	90	.438	259+	281+	91+	68+	3.92+	32+	42+	973+
CALIFORNIA	65	95	.406	265+	268+	106+	91+	4.52+	22+	39+	978+
SEATTLE	59	103	.364	248+	200+	104+	116+	4.38+	31+	26+	977+

A + or - beside each 1980 statistic indicates expected improvement or decline in 1981

grounds of his native Mexico and now delights in even the coarsest major league infield. If Mendoza can hit well enough to stay in the lineup, the Rangers will be strong up the middle with Gold Glove catcher Jim Sundberg, Second Baseman Bump Wills and Centerfielder Mickey Rivers. Buddy Bell, who hit .329 in '80 and led the league's third basemen in fielding, and Pat Putnam, a .263 hitter, complete the infield. Al Oliver, baseball's most celebrated unsung player, hit .319 with 117 RBIs, but he's starting the season as the DH because of tendinitis in his right shoulder. With Oliver hurting, Billy Sample will be in left. Rivers (.333) returns to center, but right is up for grabs.

After years of diligent parsimony, the Griffiths of Minnesota opened the family vault last winter and started spreading the largess. Shortstop Roy Smalley signed a \$2.4 million contract for four years and Catcher Butch Wynegar signed for \$2 million over five seasons. John Castano, the brilliant third baseman, Jerry Koosman, the 37-year-old pitcher, and Ron Jackson, the sometime first baseman, are all reportedly earning more than \$200,000 a year, slave wages in New York or Anaheim but rampant inflation in Minneapolis-St. Paul. Smalley, understandably enough, considers the new profligacy "a move in the right direction. It indicates Calvin [Griffith] is either willing to spend money or sell the club. We should be a contender in two or three years." But definitely not this year.

The Twins' infield of Jackson, Rob Wilfong at second,

baseman, is one. He stole 45 bases, not exactly Wilkins but productive, and Kim Allen, a rookie outfielder, stole 84 last year in Spokane.

Ideally, Wills would prefer a balance of speed and power. Zisk and Burroughs have no speed and some power. Burroughs spent last season on the Atlanta Braves' "Guillotine Squad," a group of condemned men who, for one reason or another, were cut off from the starting lineup. "Bob Horner was on it early and Jerry Royster later on," Burroughs says. "We had a lot of fun with it. We had T-shirts made up. But it was a sad type of humor." Burroughs batted .301 as recently as 1978, hit 41 homers the previous year and was the league's Most Valuable Player in '74. But he had a painful 1980 season, playing in only 99 games and hitting .263 with 13 homers and 51 RBIs. To get Burroughs, the Mariners had to assume a \$400,000 home loan the Braves were carrying for him. Burroughs will eventually pay them back, in the bank if not necessarily on the field.

Zisk, who went to Seattle from Texas with Infielder Rick Auerbach and Pitchers Brian Allard, Ken Clay, Steve Finch and Jerry Don Gleaton, hit 19 homers last year for the Rangers. The kid pitchers in the trade were minor-leaguers who will get their big chance in Seattle.

"We're much stronger than last year with all these new faces," says Wills. But not strong enough.

—RON FINKLE
CONTINUED



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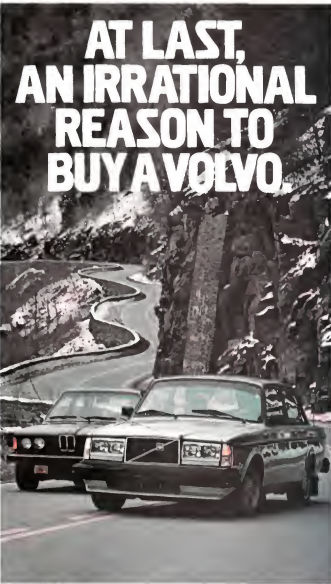
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THE EAST Nothing better testifies to the abundance of talent in the American League East—the strongest division in baseball—than the pin-stripe-thin hold the Yankees had on first place at the end of last season. This is a New York team that won 103 regular-season games in '80, more than the Yankees had won in any year since 1963 and more than any other team in either league won last season. But they won the division by a mere three games over the Orioles. The New Yorkers have helped themselves in several important ways since last season, most notably by acquiring the \$22 million man, Dave Winfield, who proved with San Diego that he can run, catch, throw and hit. During spring training the Yankee leftfielder at times played with the unrestrained zeal of a non-roster rookie. Unfortunately, his spring batting average through last Sunday was that of a non-roster rookie, too.

In the course of things, one might expect a club so enriched to be the odds-on choice to win a second straight title. But things don't move along old grooves in the American League East. Only Toronto, which has the best basketball team in baseball, figures not to figure at all. Boston, just three seasons away from winning 99 games and then dropping that magnificent playoff to the Yankees, fell on its sword this winter, losing Fred Lynn, Rick Burleson, Carlton Fisk and all reasonable hope of being a serious contender. Detroit will once again score runs aplenty, and score it must with the pitching it has. Cleveland should finish above .500, having some punch in its lineup and Bert Blyleven on its staff. The Red Sox, Tigers and Indians are all strong enough to make the race interesting, but none of them is very likely to sustain a lasting battle against the three division powerhouses: New York, Baltimore and Milwaukee.

Milwaukee finished 17 games behind New York last season, but the Brewers strengthened themselves mightily through the most astonishing trade in years. Milwaukee got St. Louis power-hitting Catcher Ted Simmons, starting Pitcher Pete Vuckovich and, most important, a desperately needed ace reliever in Rolfe Fingers.

Of course Milwaukee will win. O.K., scoffers, consider the top of the Brewers' probable batting order: 1) Paul Molitor, CF (.304, 34 stolen bases in 1980); 2) Robin Yount, SS (.293, 23 home runs, 87 RBIs); 3) Cecil Cooper, 1B (.352, 25 homers, 122 RBIs); 4) Ben Oglivie, LF (.304, 41 homers, 118 RBIs); 5) Simmons, C (.303, 21 homers, 98 RBIs); and 6) Gorman Thomas, RF (38 homers, 105 RBIs). What makes the Brewers lineup even more fearsome is the good pro-

spect that Larry Hise, a noteworthy slugger who has spent most of the last two seasons sidelined with a torn right rotator cuff, has recovered from surgery and will be the designated hitter. Third Baseman Don Money, despite injuring his right knee and playing in only 86 games, hit 17 homers and had 46 RBIs last year. He's recovered from surgery and will be in the Opening Day lineup. Second Baseman Jim Gantner, who will bat ninth, hit .282.

"Milwaukee is awesome," says Reggie Jackson of the Yankees. "It may be the best club on offense I've ever seen." And Simmons could wield the Brewers' most devastating bat. "I've talked to players from both leagues," says Jackson, "and the way they feel about Simmons is that he bats the ball consistently harder than any man in either league. The only one they say is close is Al Oliver of Texas. If this team gets any pitching. . . ." Pitching, of course. With the addition of the strong-armed Vuckovich, 12-9 in '80, Milwaukee has added a dependable starter to a staff led by righthander Moose Haas (16-15, 3.10 ERA). Lefty Mike Caldwell, who won 22 games in 1978 and 16 in 1979, tailed off to 13-11 last year, but he finished well. Jim Slaton, 15-19 in 1979, sat out most of last year with a slight tear in his right rotator cuff, but the Brewers expect him back. "I think we'll win the pennant," says former Milwaukee Manager George Bamberger. "We'd have won it two or three years ago if we'd had Fingers."

If Milwaukee pitching comes a cropper again, Baltimore should finish first. But then, it will finish first anyway if it wins 110 games, as Manager Earl Weaver predicts. The Orioles have defense, power and probably the best pitching staff in baseball. Jim Palmer, Mike Flanagan and Steve Stone

AL EAST	W	L	Pct	BATTING	RUNS	HR	SB	ERA	CG	SAVES	FEEDING
NEW YORK	103	59	.636	267+	870+	189+	86+	3.58-	29+	90-	978+
BALTIMORE	100	62	.617	273+	805+	156-	111+	3.84+	42+	41-	985-
MILWAUKEE	86	76	.531	275+	811+	203+	131-	3.71+	48-	30+	977-
BOSTON	83	77	.518	283-	757-	162-	79-	4.18+	30-	43+	971-
DETROIT	84	78	.518	273-	830-	143-	75+	4.25+	40-	30+	979+
CLEVELAND	79	81	.494	271-	738+	109-	118-	4.68+	35+	32+	981-
TORONTO	67	95	.414	251+	628+	126+	67+	4.89+	39-	21+	979-

A + or - denotes 1979 statistics; figures in parentheses are for 1980.

have all won Cy Young awards, and young Scott McGregor has the potential to do so. In the bullpen there's a "sigh of relief" in Tim Lincecum.

McGregor was 20-8 last year despite a sore left elbow that held him to 1-2 through May 21. He worked with weights last winter to eliminate the source of the soreness and hasn't suffered a recurrence this spring. Flanagan, who won 23 games and got the Cy Young in 1979, shipped to 16-13 last year, only to discover late in the season that his pitches were losing velocity because of the atrophy of a muscle that helps lift his arm. He exercised it all winter—"If I were home all day, that's all I'd do," he says—and appears completely recovered. Last year's Cy Young winner, Stone (25-7), wants to win 30 games. The 35-year-old Palmer, 16-10, with a 3.98 ERA, is eligible to slip badly at the

continued

SCOUTING REPORTS (continued)

time, but Weaver has an apparently revived Dennis Martinez as an extra starter. Except at shortstop, where 36-year-old Mark Belanger (.228) and 26-year-old rookie Wayne Krenchick will share the work, the lineup is solid.

The Orioles are strongest on the right side, where First Baseman Eddie Murray has emerged as one of the finest hitters in the game. Over his four big league years, he has improved every season in average (.283, .285, .295 and .300), runs (81, 85, 90, 100) and RBIs (88, 95, 99, 116). Right-fielder Ken Singleton and Centerfielder Al Bumbry both hit better than .300. Bumbry also swiped 44 bases, but he wasn't running well in spring training because of a severe hip pointer.

The Yankees seem destined for third. They're still looking for a righthander to balance a staff that's already somewhat suspect. Tommy John won 22 games in 1980, but he'll be 38 in May and can again be expected to tail off in the hot months. Rudy May, 15-5 with a dazzling 2.46 ERA, has gotten crafty—he throws one of the best 3-and-2 curves in the business—but he'll be 37 in July. Ron Gundy is a puzzle. He was 17-10, but his ERA swelled almost a point, to 3.56, and there's talk that the big heat is gone from Louisiana Lightning. The bullpen is strong. Rich Gossage was magnificent in 1980 with 33 saves, and Ron Davis was very effective in long relief.

New York's most pressing problem could develop at catcher. Rick Cerone, replacing the late Thurman Munson, played splendidly last year, and there's every reason to believe he'll continue to get better. But he caught 147 games and is still without a top-quality backup. The infield is productive and almost seamless, especially up the middle with Second Baseman Willie Randolph and Shortstop Bucky Dent. At the corners the Yankees have two capable first basemen—righty Bob Watson, who hits for average, and lefty Jim Spencer, a fine fielder who hits for distance—and Third Baseman Graig Nettles, who says he's fully recovered from the hepatitis that caused him to miss 73 games last year. "It was like being hit by a train," he says.

The Yankee outfielders are falling over each other, so Oscar Gamble and a rejuvenated Lou Piniella have been relegated to platooning at DH, and Bobby Murcer seems destined to be one of the most expensive pinch hitters in history, at \$320,000 a year. The centerfielder will be former Padre Jerry Humphrey, obtained in a trade last week. A switch hitter with excellent speed, Humphrey batted .298 in '80 and stole 52 bases. He will find a familiar face at an unfamiliar position in Winfield, who played rightfield with the Padres but will be in left for New York. The right-fielder, of course, will be Jackson, though not until he recovers from a torn tendon in his right calf that may cause him to miss the first few days of the season.

When it finally opens, the Jackson-Winfield act could be the biggest show in baseball. There already have been hints of the competition to come. While taking batting practice before the first game in spring training, Jackson issued a challenge to Winfield, "Long ball for a Coke."

"All right," Winfield said. He sent the first pitch scurry-

ing through the grass, past the mound. Winfield grimaced. In came Jackson, who ripped savagely at the first pitch and drove it in a nearly useless flight over the right centerfield wall. Jackson smiled. Winfield may have gotten all that money but he, Reggie, was still the boss. Winfield shook his head. "I owe you a Coke," he said.

Winfield and Jackson appear to get on well, but there are other questions about them: Jackson is in the last year of his contract, and he and owner George Steinbrenner have been embroiled in a sometimes heated dispute. The hassling has enraged Jackson. Equally problematical is how Winfield will respond to the stresses of playing in New York—for an impatient owner who's paying him millions and in front of an audience not notable for its forbearance, either. "I can handle the pressure," he says. "I can play, and there's no problem with Reggie, either. I didn't come to New York to compete with him, but to play with him." The Steinbrenner Yankees have often nibbled at the frayed edges of chaos, and one senses another one of those years.

No such turmoil threatens the division's four remaining teams. For the Red Sox, the controversy is over, gone with the departures of Lynn, Burleson and Fisk. Even with that trio, Boston finished in fourth place last year, 19 games behind the Yankees. "We won't finish 19 games back this year," says Manager Ralph Houk, who replaced Don Zimmer last fall. Anyone for 20?

Actually, if Boston can get respectable work from Dennis Eckersley, Mike Torrez and Frank Tanana—each a quality pitcher at his best—and an occasional boost from a promising youngster like Steve Crawford, 1981 might not be as gloomy as some are predicting. The Red Sox can still hit. Jim Rice, Tony Perez, former Angel Carney Linsford, Jerry Remy, Dave Stapleton, Dwight Evans and 41-year-old Carl Yastrzemski certainly can score runs.

And Boston, in Houk's words, has "a bullpen that will be the strongest in the league." Even the optimistic Houk may not be far off. To the formidable array of lefty Tom Burgmeier (24 saves), righty Bob Stanley (14 saves) and erstwhile Angel Mark Clear, Houk may be able to add a good-as-new Bill Campbell. Campbell, who led the league with 31 saves in 1977, recently went through an apparently successful rehabilitation program designed to strengthen his shoulder. The relievers had better be strong. Eckersley, Torrez and Tanana are coming off losing seasons, and to make matters worse, Fisk's successor, Gary Allenson, has played only 144 games in the majors. In fact, there are newcomers right up the middle—at catcher, at short, where Glenn Hoffman will try to take Burleson's place, and in center, where Rick Miller will step in for Lynn. The defensive decline will be dramatic, especially at short, because of Hoffman's limited range. Looking to October, Yaz is sure of this. "I know we'll finish the season."

Cleveland Manager Dave Garcia has it all figured out. "If everyone contributes what their agents say they'll contribute, we'll have 172 wins and no losses in 162 games." More realistically, the Indians could climb from sixth to fourth if they get the pitching Garcia thinks they may. And they could do it despite the dreadful luck that seems to

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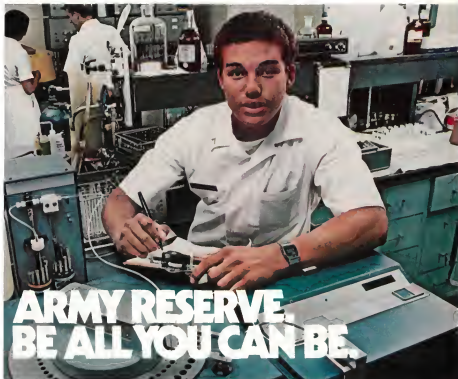
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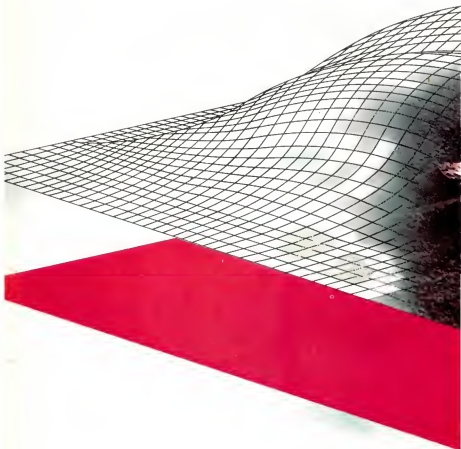
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SCOUTING REPORTS continued

plague this team. Toby Harrah, the talented third baseman and run producer (100 runs, 72 RBIs), began the new year by falling off a ladder while painting his house and injured his left wrist, right elbow and left knee. He returned to action last week, and will start on Opening Day. First Baseman Andre Thornton missed all of 1980 because of an injury to his right knee that required surgery. Scheduled to be the DH this season, he promptly broke a finger in the team's first exhibition game, delaying his return at least another week.

Garcia has four first-rate outfielders: Joe Charbonneau, the 1980 Rookie of the Year, who will also do duty as DH; Jorge Orta; Rick Manning; and the fleet Miguel Dilone, who blossomed last year with a .341 average and 61 stolen bases. Garcia should get each of the four at least 500 at bats. There's plenty of sock elsewhere, too, with Catcher Ron Hassey, First Baseman Mike Hargrove and Second Baseman Alan Bannister, 300 hitters all.

With the acquisition of former 20-game winner Blyleven from Pittsburgh, Garcia sees the dim outline of a good staff that includes Len Barker (19-12), John Denny, Rick Waits and Wayne Garland.

Despite the Tigers' lineup of fine hitters, Detroit won't have much clout. When the young Mark Fidrych started gardening the mound, the word in Detroit was youth, but that era has passed as swiftly as The Bird's foreshortened career. "We're not a young club anymore," he says. "If we're going to do it, we'll do it now." But, alas, it will be without Fidrych, who failed to make the team.

Detroit led all of baseball in scoring last year—with 5.1 runs a game. Outfielder Steve Kemp set the pace, hitting .293, with 21 homers and 101 runs batted in. The Tigers got additional power from Catcher Lance Parrish (.286, 82 RBIs), First Baseman Richie Hebner (.290, 82 RBIs) and slick-fielding Shortstop Alan Trammell (.300, 65 RBIs).

But the pitching did Detroit in, which is why Manager Sparky Anderson plans to call some pitches from the bench this year. The pitcher who would seem to need the least assistance is Reliever Aurelio Lopez, who had 13 wins and 21 saves. The other bullpen mainstay should be Kevin Saucier, obtained from Philadelphia by way of Texas. The bad news is that the starting rotation of Milt Wilcox, Dan Schatzeder, Dan Petry and Jack Morris is back. Pitching Coach Roger Craig believes he can improve the staff by making it work faster. "Ninety-nine percent of all successful pitchers complete games in two hours or less," says Craig. The average Detroit game took 2:40 last season. Anderson expects good things from Morris, whose 16 wins led the Tigers in 1980. "Jack just had to get some humility and realize he's in the major leagues," he says.

Toronto really does have the best basketball team in baseball. Aside from Third Baseman Danny Ainge, the 6' 4" star of the Brigham Young hoops team, the Blue Jays feature 6' 5" Pitcher Mike Barlow, who played basketball at Syracuse, and 6' 3" First Baseman John Mayberry, a star at Northwestern High in Detroit. If Toronto takes an early lead, look for Ainge to direct the four corners.



Gerone's ability to hit in the clutch makes him a prize Yankee catch

Whether the Jays can play baseball is, of course, another question. They won 67 games in 1980, and finished in the cellar again. But they also had Ontario buzzing during an eight-day spell in April when they led the division. "We had a taste of respectability last year," says Manager Bobby Matlick. "Now we'd like a bite."

Certainly Toronto chewed up opponents with double plays. Shortstop Alfredo Griffin and Second Baseman Diamaso Garcia keyed an infield that tied Boston for the league lead in DPs. The Jays' best outfielder is Al Woods, whose .300 average led the team.

Toronto has serious shortcomings behind the plate. Ernie Whitt and Dan Whimer being marginal big leaguers, but the Blue Jays are even worse off on the mound. Jim Clancy could blossom if he finds his control; he led the league with 128 walks. Except for Dave Stieb (12-15, 3.71), the other Toronto starters are even worse. Every spring, of course, it's open season for Blue Jay jobs. The team caters to youth, often to the dismay of veterans. "On every other club, the rookies have to beat out the veterans for the jobs," Outfielder Rick Bosetti says. "Here it's the other way around. Kids from Medicine Hat are walking around with radios blaring like they own the place." In places like Toronto, they eventually do.

—WILLIAM NACK

HE'S HIRED TO BE FIRED

A manager may have many talents—molder of men, master tactician, super psychologist—but the only thing he's sure to be is a goner

BY RON FIMRITE



He has all the job security of the chief of state of a Central American Republic. He's often denounced by fans, reviled in the press and criticized by his own employees. The rewards in his line of work are limited and go to only a few, and yet innumerable grown men, some of sound mind, aspire to be managers of major league baseball teams.

Managers are, as the bromide has it, hired to be fired. And, most likely, hired again by someone else. The 1981 season will be no different: 10 managers will be starting their first full season in a new office. Don Zimmer, canned by the Red Sox, has been signed on by the Texas Rangers, who dropped Pat Corrales after last season. Ralph Houk, formerly of the Yankees and Tigers, jeopardizes his remarkable record of never having been fired by coming out of retirement to replace Zimmer in Boston. Gene Michael, who was general manager of the Yankees last year, is the manager this year, succeeding Dick Howser, who was let go for having lost to Kansas City in the American League playoffs. Maury Wills, who replaced the fired Durrell Johnson during the 1980 season, will be Seattle's

continued



Tanner (left) and Martin are two of the best managers around, but they've enjoyed considerably more success dealing with players than umpires.

skipper from the start in 1981, Wills is the major league's third black manager. The first, Frank Robinson, was dismissed four years ago by Cleveland, but he's back this year with San Francisco, which fired Dave Bristol in December. Big Frank Howard moves from the Milwaukee coaching staff to the San Diego manager's job, replacing Jerry Coleman. Whitey Herzog, sent packing by the Royals in 1979, took over as manager of the Cardinals last year after Ken Boyer was discharged in midseason. And Joe Amalfitano opens with the Cubs, who hired him after firing Preston Gomez last July.

George Bamberger in Milwaukee and Gene Mauch in Minnesota beat the system by simply quitting last year. Bamberger for retirement, Mauch for the golf course. Mauch subsequently took a front-office job with the Angels. But not many are nimble enough to escape the chopping block. Of the 26 managers who began the 1979 season, only eight are still with the same teams, although three others—Herzog, Zimmer and Dave Garcia, late of California and currently of Cleveland—are with other clubs.

And then there are the managers who never seem to win much, but still keep materializing. Those in the revolving-door crowd—Bristol (four teams) and Gomez (three) spring to mind—get fired every time they're hired, but they continue to get hired anyway. This would lend some support to the theory of Montreal's reserve first baseman, Tommy Hutton, who says, "The best way to become a major league manager is to get fired first." The truth is that many owners and general managers are loath to gamble on untested "talent." "The game is run by oldtime baseball people," says Angel Relief Pitcher Dave LaRoche. "So the people they keep hiring are oldtime baseball people. It's their last claim to yesteryear. It's a very little fraternity. I guess it's more like the Supreme Court. It's tough to get in, but once you're there, you've got a job for life . . . somewhere."

"Different teams are looking for different capabilities in a manager," says Cleveland President Gabe Paul. "One might be looking for a disciplinarian, for instance. That same man might have been fired by another team for being too tough. Some manager might be fired for reasons that have nothing to do with his qualities as a manager. Some are fired because they're outspoken."



A hero at Anaheim when he guided the Angels to a title in '79, Fregoli now is a target of criticism

Workaday folk cringe at the thought of being fired, but managers accept it as a condition of employment. But why? California scout Bill Kugney, like so many of his hooked confreres, has never lost his enthusiasm for managing, which he did at various times for the Giants, Angels and Twins. "To give a club something it never had before is the manager's gift," he says. "The manager is the most important cog in a multimillion-dollar machine."

In this era of baseball labor strife, if there is one thing owners and players are likely to agree upon, it's that Rigney is wrong. Owners tend to regard the manager as a necessary encumbrance, some-

one who may have public-relations value and who can serve as a convenient scapegoat in hard times. The players seem to feel the manager should graciously step aside and let them play ball. "The ideal manager," in the opinion of Montreal Pitcher Bill Lee, "is the manager who doesn't manage."

"The manager is overrated," says Cub Infielder Mike Tyson. "He puts nine men out there and makes three or four major moves a game. The rest is luck. He makes a move and if it works, he looks like a king. If it doesn't, he looks like a bum." There are even managers who downgrade managing. "I have always thought managers are the most overrated things in

baseball," says Detroit skipper Sparky Anderson, onetime peerless leader of the world champion Reds. "The game is basically very simple. If you get good players, you win. I've never seen a manager win a pennant. Players win pennants."

"Good players are not the most important thing," says Twins owner Calvin Griffith, paraphrasing someone else. "They're the only thing."

It's said that a good manager may get his team between five and 10 more wins a year than a middling skipper would, and a bad manager may cost his team even more games than that. If these numbers seem lower than you would expect, it may be that when it comes to tactics there are no managerial secrets, only managerial styles. While the ability to "build" a team, to "motivate," to make the best use of one's roster may be most important in determining a manager's long-term success, his "moves" often do affect his club's short-term fortunes. The good manager will make the right substitution, inserting a pinch hitter, reliever or defen-

sive specialist at just the right juncture, or will employ the appropriate tactic—sacrifice, steal, intentional walk, whatever—at the most opportune moment. The bad manager will find that he wasted his best pinch hitter in the third inning or overworked his best reliever the night before. He might also use the right tactic at the wrong time or ignore it entirely.

Some observers believe that a third of the games a team wins in a season will be won regardless of anything the manager does, and a third will be lost regardless. A third will be up for grabs, and these are the ones the manager can win or lose. Robinson doesn't subscribe to this view. "A manager is much more important than any numbers," he says. "A manager has some influence on every game played. First of all, he's responsible for preparing his team to play. He makes out the lineup card, which determines who will play. He makes important decisions throughout the game, not just in the eighth or ninth innings."

Says Dodger skipper Tommy Lasorda.

"A manager probably makes more decisions in the course of one game than a businessman makes in an entire week."

"The three things you need to be a good manager," says the Cardinals' Herzog, "are players, a sense of humor and, most important, a good bullpen. If I've got those three things, I assure you I'll get along with the press and I guarantee you I'll make the Hall of Fame. A manager doesn't necessarily win games, but he can lose a lot of games. If you make all the right moves and your bullpen isn't worth a damn, you're not any good anyway. If the bullpen is good, you're a genius." Herzog felt the lack of an outstanding reliever was one of the main reasons his Royals lost three straight Championship Series to the Yankees. If he reaches the playoffs with the Cardinals, he'll have Bruce Sutter, an off-season acquisition from the Cubs. A reliever of Sutter's caliber can make any manager a genius—if the manager uses him correctly.

Philadelphia's Dallas Green proved himself to be an excellent *continued*



Even though Lasorda seems to have a stranglehold on success—not to mention Relief Pitcher Terry Forster—his critics believe he's too much the showman



Earl Weaver's inspired intuition: Batting of him discovered that winning can be as simple as AB.



Williams knows a slapper's best friend is a hit.

handler of pitchers last year, and that probably had more to do with the Phillies' winning the division, pennant and World Series than his prodigious ranting and raving. A former pitcher, Green was particularly adept at giving his relievers the proper balance of rest and work. "Dallas did a great job for a rookie manager. It was comparable to what Gil Hodges did when I was with the Mets," says Reliever Tug McGraw. "And I've always felt that Gil handled a pitching staff as well as any manager I've ever seen."

The manager's responsibilities fall roughly into five categories: 1) picking the players, 2) motivating the players, 3) game strategy, 4) public relations, and 5) "relating" to his team. Player selection isn't limited to the starting lineup. It involves judicious use of all 25 men on the roster, an aspect of the job in which today's finest managers—Earl Weaver of the Orioles, Billy Martin of the A's, Chuck Tanner of the Pirates, Dick Williams of the Expos—excel. "Earl's best quality isn't so much knowing the game of baseball and making the right moves," says Baltimore Third Baseman Doug DeCinces, "but the fact that he knows his personnel and knows how

to get the best out of 25 men. He knows how to put the best 25 men together."

Mauch, who tied a record by not winning any kind of championship in 21 years of managing, was often criticized for his obsessive platooning. Weaver and Williams don't always platoon in the classic Mauchian lefty-righty sense, but each makes more extensive use of his bench than Mauch did his. Both keep voluminous statistics, which tell them who should play against whom.

"I don't believe in the 'book,'" says Williams. "I've got my own book. These statistics tell me everything I want to know: how often a player has sacrificed or failed to sacrifice, how many times with a man on second and none out he has failed to advance the runner, how many times he has missed a sign. I've got charts that show the direction of every ball hit by every player we've played, so you know how to shift the defense."

Weaver, the dean of big league skipper, with 12½ years service for the same team, is a tactician who, while opposing overmanaging, says, "I'd rather lose by doing something. I'm not a genius. I push buttons. I just have to make sure I've got the right 25 buttons to push when the season starts." Weaver's push-button style is illustrated by two key statistics from last year. Because he likes to go for runs in bunches, the Orioles were near the bottom, 12th, in sacrifice hits and near the top, third, in pinch-hit attempts. Reserves like Gary Roenicke (.500 pinch-hitting average), John Lowenstein (.417) and Lee May (.411) helped make Baltimore the most successful pinch-hitting team in the league, with a .295 average.

In contrast to Weaver, Boston's Zimmer doesn't push many buttons. Last year the Red Sox ranked last or next to last in pinch-hit attempts, stolen-base attempts and sacrifice hits. His tactical moves largely ended when he posted the day's lineup card.

Many managers now delegate considerable authority to their pitching coaches, so much so in some instances that these once lowly subordinates have achieved the status of assistant managers. Some managers still regard themselves as

continued



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JOHN MCGRAW: MANAGER

In 1927, when John McGraw completed his 25th season as manager of the New York Giants, he was paid a signal tribute by Connie Mack, who said, "There has been only one manager and his name is John McGraw." Almost half a century after McGraw's retirement in 1932 and his death at 60 two years later, Mack's assessment holds. "John McGraw" is still synonymous with "manager."

McGraw, who began managing with Baltimore in 1899, attained celebrity after taking over the Giants in July 1902. In the ensuing 23 seasons his teams finished first 10 times and second nine. He became the dominant personality in the game, delighting some baseball people and appalling others. He abused umpires, berated players, feuded with owners, behaved paradoxically. The first World Series was played in 1903, but when McGraw won his first pennant in 1904, he petulantly refused to meet the American League champions because, he said, the reborn new American circuit was still "minor league." He lost the 1908 flag to the Chicago Cubs only because of the famous "bonehead" play by rookie Fred Merkle who, running from first base with two outs, didn't bother to touch second after a clean hit had scored the winning run from third. This was common practice then, and the game seemed over. But after an appeal by the Cubs, Merkle was officially called out. The game reverted to a tie and had to be replayed; the Giants lost the replay and the pennant. McGraw, renowned for his short temper and abrasive tongue—"You could hear him all over the park cursing his players out during a game," said Bob Shawkey, the old pitcher—was enraged by the loss but he never once blamed Merkle. Nor did he criticize centerfielder Fred Snodgrass for dropping an easy fly in the last inning of the 1912 World Series to help turn an apparent Giant victory into a defeat. "Errors are part of the game," he'd say, though sometimes adding, "but make too many of them and I'll get rid of you." Snodgrass was a first-rate outfielder, and McGraw gave him a raise. "He was a great man," Snodgrass later told Larry Ritter in *The Glory of Their Times*. "Really a wonderful fellow."

Not always. Once, in a clubhouse meeting, McGraw sneered at Larry Doyle, his star second baseman, and said, "Look at him, the miserable yellow thing, the captain of my ball club." Yet when McGraw finally traded him, Doyle was distraught, and he's still remembered for saying, "It's great to be young and a Giant."

McGraw, born and raised in rural upstate New York, reached the big leagues in 1891 as an 18-year-old infielder with the Baltimore Orioles, who under the astute managing of Ned Hanlon were the most devastating team of their era—and McGraw's finishing school. From Hanlon he learned organization, authority, mo-

tration. He never forgot the way the Orioles both feared and respected their manager. From his teammates he learned—and helped to refine—the tactics that became the crux of "inside baseball": a tight, efficient defense and a smart, fast-running offense built around the hunt, the steal, the hit-and-run and the squeeze play.

To these ingredients he added absolute control of his team on the field. Signals to fielders and batters had been employed before, but not to the extent that McGraw used them. He called pushes, moved fielders, sent base runners, guided batters. "On this team," he said, "with first base occupied it is almost mandatory that my batter hit to right field. . . . I permit no deviation from instructions." In 1905 a part-time player named Sammy Strong had instructions to hunt but saw a fat pitch, swung away and hit a home run. McGraw fined him \$25. "I permit no deviation from instructions."

Later on, according to Snodgrass, McGraw rarely used signs.

"We were supposed to know how to play baseball," Snodgrass said, "and we were expected to do the right thing at the right time." Al Lopez, who caught against McGraw's Giants and was later a longtime manager himself, said, "When you played McGraw's teams you always knew that you were playing the best. You could feel his hand everywhere."

Some felt it too heavily. Ed Roush, an even better outfielder than Snodgrass, said, "I didn't like John J. McGraw. I didn't enjoy playing for him. If you made a bad play, he'd curse you out, yell at you, call you all sorts of names. When he traded me, I couldn't have been happier."

But Burtleigh Lintner, a successful major league pitcher for 10 years before he joined the Giants (he had won 20 games or more four different times), said "Sure McGraw was a strict disciplinarian, but he played the best baseball. He was a shouter. He'd run on you, play hit-and-run, suck you in for the bunt and then hit by you."

"I worked for McGraw for only one year, but I learned more that season

than in all the years before—or since. The science of pitching took on a new meaning. Burtleigh," he said, "don't let them hit behind the runner all the time," and he showed me how to use my curve to get right-handed batters to pull the ball to the left side. Bats hit to the left side with men on base meant more double plays and fewer runners advancing from first to third on singles, and that meant fewer runs for them, which meant more victories and more money for me. I ended up winning 270 games in my career, but if I'd known earlier what McGraw taught me, I could've won 300. He was the smartest man I ever played for."

ROBERT W. CLAMER



"I played an excellent front porchman."

pitching experts, however. Cincinnati's John McNamara, a former catcher, says, "I'm not one to judge myself, but I'd like to think handling the pitching staff is one of the things I do best." Indeed, under his stewardship the once embattled Red mound corps has gained respectability.

The designated hitter rule somewhat simplifies the tricky business of removing pitchers from a game. American League managers may leave their starters in until the poor fellows either lose their effectiveness or drop from exhaustion. In the National League, a pitcher going well in a close game may get the hook if, in the manager's view, a pinch hitter might perk up the offense. This tactical

challenge makes managing in the National League more attractive.

In his peregrinations across the baseball map, Martin has always had the same pitching coach, Art Fowler, who in a sense has been Martin's Sancho Panza in his tilts with authority. But Fowler is also a good judge of talent, and last year he and his boss remolded a battered and forlorn A's pitching staff. Recognizing that they were functioning with a weak bullpen, they flew in the face of convention and let their young pitchers go the distance. At a time when complete games are increasingly rare, the A's staff set a modern record of 94. And yet, because Martin used a five-man rotation, none

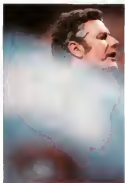
of his starters pitched as many as 300 innings.

Martin also introduced Billy Ball to an unsuspecting public last year. When he was a skipper in Minnesota, Detroit, Texas and New York, his teams played slightly more orthodox ball. But Martin, like Weaver, is skilled at adapting his tactics to his talent. Billy Ball involves squeeze plays, double steals and swapes of home that are more dependent on guile than raw speed.

Tanner motivates the Pirates through sheer effervescence. Tanner teams, it's said, "never die in August," the dog days, because he keeps them enthused. Nevertheless, most players would prefer that



Even with big bats in short supply, Virdon led Houston to its first division championship last season and became the National League's Manager of the Year.



players' friend. All good managers were like that 30 years ago."

There are, to be sure, some entrenched ideas about managers, and some are even true. It is true, at least right now, that most good managers were bad players. Of the 26 current managers, only six—Robinson, Howard, Martin, Joe Torre, Bill Virdon and Jim Fregosi—might be called first-rate major league players. It is not necessarily true, however, that superstars make terrible managers, a theory that Robinson will once again put to the test. And it's no longer true, if it ever was, that the best managers are catch-

Green's talent is not limited to yelling at umpires and players; he's also a fine handler of pitchers



a skipper spend more time "relating" to them than motivating them. "A manager has to know a player's personality," says the Phillies' Pete Rose. "You don't treat Pete Rose like you treat Larry Bowa. The manager has to have one set of rules, but everybody's an individual and should be treated accordingly. With some guys you've got to be a disciplinarian. With other guys you blow smoke."

These pleas from the clubhouse for understanding would undoubtedly have fallen on deaf ears had they been addressed to such bluff disciplinarians of baseball's antiquity as John McGraw (see box), Joe McCarthy or Bill McKechnie. The fact is, some of the respected managers of the current generation, including Rose's own, give relating and communicating a rather low priority.

"I disagree with relating to 25 guys," says Green. "I think you've got to 'handle' 25 guys. 'Relate' to me means a lot of one-on-one give and take." Indeed, Green remained an unpopular figure in the Phillies' clubhouse right up to the moment the champagne was poured. But in the process he justified his midseason declaration that, "These players need a guy who'll stay on them, who won't back down."

Williams, who won two World Series with the A's and brought Montreal home second in the NL East the last two years, is also an avowed non-relater. "I am an arrogant son of a bitch," he has said of himself. "My personality is basically horsebleep. I don't want to be their [the

ers. There are only four former catchers managing—Torre, McNamara, Houk and Buck Rodgers of Milwaukee. Twelve are former infielders, and eight were outfielders. Green and Lasorda are the only ex-pitchers, lending credence to Jim Palmer's theory that most pitchers are too smart to manage.

Last season *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* baseball correspondents were invited to nominate their choices for best and worst skippers. Those generally regarded as outstanding were Weaver, Martin, Tanner and Williams. K.C.'s Jim Frey, Virdon and Green were cited for exceptional one-year performances. Herzog, Anderson and McNamara were in the middle range. Lasorda received mixed reviews, both as a showman and a tactician. One of his former pitchers says that Lasorda is most visible during Dodger games that are nationally televised: "He'd make maybe eight trips to the mound, using whatever excuse to get out there in camera range." The managers who fared worst among the correspondents included four men who were eventually fired: Boston's Zimmer, who was censured for being unaggressive on the field; Texas' Corrales, who was cited for being controlled by "the book"; San Diego's Coleman, who was criticized for his all-around unsuitability; and San Francisco's Bristol, who ranked poorly in player relations. Another "worst" manager was Jim Fregosi of the Angels, who was faulted for fiddling too much with his lineup but being reluctant to make more

than one pitching change per inning.

The top managers have what appear to be the top traits: alertness, adaptability, authority, organization and the ability to anticipate situations before they occur. Most important, all are winners. Martin is the most adept at getting himself fired, but with the A's under new ownership, he has a "long-term" contract and more responsibility over the movement of personnel than he has ever had in his stormy past. He has, in short, the opportunity to dispel his "self-destructive" image or preserve it forever.

How can a manager's true worth be accurately determined?

"The only way to tell who the best manager is to use a system like duplicate bridge," says Herzog. "Give the managers the same teams and have them play 30 games against the same players."

Short of that, a skipper's performance under more conventional circumstances can serve as a clear gauge of class. Last year Martin performed miracles with the A's. And Virdon got the Astros into the playoffs without J.R. Richard. At one time or another Frey's Royals lost most of their offense to injury and illness and still made it into the World Series. And Green won it all with an aging and anapathetic team that fought him as hard as it did the rest of the National League.

There will be Managers of the Year for 1981, but their glory won't last long. Managers don't win games. Players do. Just ask a manager—the fellow over there in the unemployment line.

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SOME BACK TALK FROM THE HAWK

The speaker, a man close to the Boston Red Sox, was incensed over the team's management. Describing the club as "in disarray, confused and chaotic... almost the laughingstock of the American League," he told a group of University of Massachusetts students in February that the Sox could finish as low as sixth in the AL East. "When you have ballplayers like Rick Burleson, Fred Lynn and Carlton Fisk, who are among the best at their positions," he said, "and you cannot afford to sign them, you cannot afford to own a ball club."

The main target of the speaker's barbs was Boston General Manager Haywood Sullivan. "I'm going to separate Haywood Sullivan and leonowner! Buddy Lenox," he continued. "I don't like to see a lot of the criticism that's come down on Buddy. If he owned the club by himself, I don't think we'd be in the shape we're in."

Coming from a sportswriter or disenchanted ballplayer, these remarks would have been only mildly shocking. But in this case they created a real trouble because the speaker was former Boston Outfielder Ken (Hawk) Harrelson, the team's TV color man. Traditionally, local broadcasters toe the line. At the slightest deviation from official team policy, they're routinely fired. On the last day of the 1985 season, Red Barber had the cameras put nearly empty Yankee Stadium in mute testimony to the dead dynasty. Barber claims the Yankees canned him for this.

"I'm glad Harrelson doesn't work for us," says Bob Richter, general manager of WITS, the radio station that carries Red Sox games. "To attack a club like that—particularly as a spokesman for the club—I suspect I would fire somebody like that." WITS had previously reassigned talk-show host Glen Ordway to other dates and had fired game announcer Ken Petrocelli for considerably less inflammatory remarks about the team.

But Harrelson wasn't fired. Unlike most local baseball broadcasters, who either are employed by the teams they cover or must be approved by them, Harrelson and his partner, Ned Martin, answer only to their station. "We retain the sole right to determine the broadcasters," says Joe Domino, vice-president and general manager of Boston's WSBK-TV, a CBS station commonly known

as TV 38. "It was a point we insisted on when we signed with the Red Sox in 1975. We don't tell them who to play at first base. Why should they tell us who to employ?"

Haywood seems to understand this, continues Domino. "He called me and wanted to know why Ken said what he did in that speech, but at no time did he suggest we take him off the air. What bothers me is that other owners could put up with Hawk. It's an insult to fans that owners are so insecure they have to put words in their announcers' mouths."

Actually, Harrelson's criticism may have improved the Sox's TV situation. In the wake of the team's disappointing fourth-place finish last year, two of the seven New England stations that carried TV 38's Red Sox broadcasts, Channel 3 in Hartford, Conn., and Channel 22 in Springfield, Mass., had dropped the Boston games. More embarrassing, Channel 3, which reaches homes from Springfield to New Haven, Conn., replaced the Sox with the Yankees. However, some prospective advertisers believed that Harrelson's February critique would increase the Sox's TV audience. Sure enough, the first spring-training broadcast of the 1986 season pulled an "11," a higher rating than the regular-season games averaged last year.

But the Harrelson affair shouldn't be viewed as an unblemished victory for independent comment. Because TV 38 pays the Red Sox \$2.3 million a year for broadcast rights, it's unrealistic to expect complete impartiality. "You tend to pick people the teams like," says Domino. "You're working together. The station is trying to attract advertisers and present the team favorably without actually coming people, and the team is trying to attract fans. That doesn't mean 'horsemen'; they can criticize, but they shouldn't second-guess. If, say, a situation calls for a burn, the announcer should do his speaking be-



AS A RED SOX BROADCASTER, KEN HARRELSON IS HIS OWN MAN

fore the pitch, not after the guy swings and ax and hits into a double play."

And in fact "homers" aren't always scorned. ABC's highly professional Chet Forte, the director of Monday Night Baseball, concedes that New York loyalist Phil Rizzuto, who works Yankee games on WPIX-TV and WABC 77 radio, has a place on the airwaves. "People like his 'Holy cow' mystified style," Forte says. Former Yankee publicist Marty Appel, now public-relations director for WPIX, says the mere existence of players' wives out there watching and listening influences announcers. "The wives are seeing games and misinterpreting remarks made about their husbands," he says. "And everyone who plays is mentioned on the air, which isn't the case in newspaper stories."

Harrelson, himself, pulls as hard for the Sox as anyone in Boston. "Everyone knows I'm a fan," he says, "and I hope what I said to those students is wrong. I'd love to eat my 10-gallon hat at the end of the season. But my loyalty doesn't rule out an announcer's responsibility to tell people what's going on. There are no more knowledgeable baseball fans than those in New England, and they want to hear the truth."

Harrelson gives it to them. Early in his broadcast of last Saturday's Red Sox-White Sox exhibition game, he said that Burleson's replacement at shortstop, Glenn Hoffman, had been taking undue criticism. continued



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TV-RADIO *continued*

But when Hoffman was unable to handle a short-hop grounder and was charged with an error, Harrelson pointed out that Hoffman "should have had it."

Day in, day out, the Hawk is a restrained, masterful analysis of the games he broadcasts. "Bad announcers, especially those at the network level, try to control the game, make it an event and dramatize it," he says. "Generally, the better the game, the less you say. If it's a bad game, you just eat it, like a quarterback whose protection has broken down." But that's when Harrelson is frequently at his best, filling the late innings of boring games with technical and psychological insights.

One of his proudest moments came late last season with Carl Yastrzemski at the plate. "I mentioned that I had been an 0-1, 0-2 hitter," Harrelson says, "and when you're that way you don't hit much. [His nine-year average was .239.] I said that Yaz is my all-time favorite: a 2-6, 2-1, 3-1 hitter. The first pitch to him was a ball. I said 'He's just narrowing down his strike zone, limiting the pitches he'll offer at.' The second pitch was a ball. I said, 'He's got his strike zone narrowed down to about one-third its original size.' The count went to 3-0. I said, 'The next pitch will have to be exactly where he wants it, and if it is, you'll see a heck of a hack.' Well, it was, and he hit it out. It was as if they'd taken a film and edited it so that I could comment." This is insightful stuff, even for an ex-ballplayer, and indeed Harrelson was considered for the job of Red Sox manager in 1976 and 1980.

The Hawk has never been shy about speaking up. In 1967, while playing for the Kansas City A's, he said owner Charlie Finley was "detrimental to the club and, consequently, detrimental to baseball." That remark earned him an outright release. Amid much hoopla, the \$12,000-a-year outfielder signed a three-year, \$150,000 contract with the Red Sox. He earned it by helping Boston win the 1967 pennant and leading the majors in RBIs (109) the next year. In an era when athletes were still pretty conventional in dress and behavior, Harrelson wore long hair, Nehru jackets and love beads and employed a houseboy at his luxury apartment. He also popularized the use of golf gloves at the plate. After retiring as a player in 1971, he took an unsuccessful 3½-year fling at the pro golf tour. He made it a memorable one, though. Whenever he'd sink a long putt, Harrelson would take an exaggerated "Hawk walk" around the green.

Today, at 38, he lives in Boston with his second wife, Ann, and their children, Kristin, 5, and Casey, 3. He earns an estimated \$100,000 a year from broadcasting, endorsements and speeches.

Harrelson could undoubtedly go on to a network job—but only if he changed his style. Forze gives him high marks, but, sad to say, other network executives believe he's "not funny enough." Funny thing, the Hawk's fans are happy to take him the way he is. **END**

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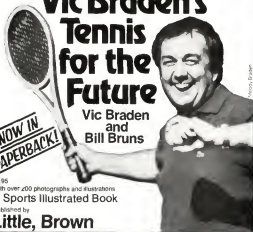
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by ANITA VERSCHOTH



CARRYING THE TORCH

The scene, and what it yielded, was so ironic, it had to be right out of Woody Allen. The time is March 1967, the place London, specifically a conference room in Lord Luke of Pavenham's office building. Behind locked doors, members of the International Olympic Committee are discussing new ways to publicize the Games in order to generate additional television income. Besides Lord Luke, the participants include Lord Killanin, then in charge of the IOC's press commission; East Germany's Dr. Heinz Schöbel, a member of that commission; Johan Westerhof of Holland, the IOC secretary general, and a Swiss assistant Myrsum Meusly.

Although the committee has agreed to receive a petitioner, a former Olympian who is now a journalist, it is hardly prepared for her appearance when the door

is opened. Sitting imperiously in a wheelchair pushed by her nephew, Dominique Coupat, Madame Monique Berlioux rolls into the chamber. Her left leg, encased in a hip-to-toe cast, precedes her like a lance at the ready. If the committee members seem taken aback, the blonde Frenchwoman seems utterly at ease; there is a charming smile on her lips and in her bright amber eyes.

Once France's finest swimmer, she is 41 years old now and has just resigned a position with the French Ministry for Youth and Sport. She has recently completed her second book on the Olympic Games, and that is the reason for her interview. She hopes the IOC will turn her book into a documentary film. The leg? Oh yes, a complicated fracture suffered in a bicycle accident. And it had been an arduous trip from Paris to London.

Continued

Madame was unable to walk even on crutches. But no matter, Madame's pronounced fear of flying would have made it a trial in the best of circumstances.

Lord Killanin, who has never met Berlioux, shows no great enthusiasm as he listens to her proposal. After she is dismissed, he openly scoffs, saying to Westerhof, "Sounds rather pedestrian."

Westerhof laughs.

Less than two years later, Berlioux had replaced Westerhof as administrative head of the IOC. Now, a decade and a half later, she is often referred to simply as "Madame," and there isn't a soul in the byzantine hierarchy of sports federations and Olympic committees who would ask "Madame who?" She is the most important woman in amateur sports. When Madame speaks, people listen. And nobody, but nobody, laughs.

It was Westerhof himself who, shortly after the meeting in London, offered Berlioux a public relations job at the IOC's Lausanne headquarters. Almost immediately she was doing much of his work, and when Westerhof resigned under pressure in 1969, Madame was chosen to succeed him. The reason for Westerhof's downfall was that he liked to make decisions without the approval of the late Avery Brundage, the authoritarian president of the IOC.

"Westerhof thought being secretary general meant he was the boss," says Berlioux. "He forgot that the president was the boss. You never forget that. Maybe that's the advantage of being a woman. You accept more. I like to stay in the shadows."

From the shadows, Madame made things happen even before she was in a position of power. "One does not ever ask for authority," Madame says. "One takes authority."

When she became the director of the IOC, the new title for the secretary general's post, Berlioux inherited a tiny staff of half a dozen employees, who did the secretarial work for the IOC in a fairly haphazard fashion. Madame introduced new standards, she demanded long working hours and efficiency and the same unquestioning loyalty to herself that she gave Brundage.

"To me, the quality most important in a human being is loyalty," Madame says. "I hate being disappointed. Those who disappoint me, I prefer not to see them anymore. I wash them from my memory."

"She is a career woman with great will-power, great talent and great capacity for work," says Meuwly, now a court reporter for a Lausanne newspaper. "She loves power. When she arrived in Lausanne,

we were a small group. We had no money. She was very tough. Little by little, she got organized and built up the secretariat [in now numbers 35]. Because of her, the IOC has taken on a spectacular character. She brought to it more decorum and a high degree of efficiency. While we had carried on in the modeux Swiss way, she changed it all with her indomitable *esprit français*."

IOC presidents have come and gone. Brundage making way for Killanin, who was succeeded by Juan Antonio Samaranch, a Spanish diplomat, but Madame remains, and her durability enhances her power. As a salaried employee—she makes \$100,000 a year—she isn't a member of the IOC, an honor that has never been accorded to any woman. But she is the Lausanne Connection for the 85 unpaid IOC members—all rich, many titled, many septuagenarians—as well as their link with the 147 national Olympic committees and 26 international sports federations. She handles a staggering amount of correspondence, arranges and directs meetings and follows up on the decisions taken. She deals with budget matters and drives a hard bargain when the IOC's share of Olympic television rights is at stake. She also writes and edits the monthly *Olympic Review* and conducts press conferences with both alacrity and asperity. "Ask a dumb question and she demolishes you," says one journalist. Surprisingly, Madame confesses to some uneasiness before the press. "My hands are sweating every time," she says. "I know I make mistakes in English and I have no time to correct them. My accent is terrible. But now I have decided, once and for all, that I should not care about my accent but my vocabulary."

"She is closely watched, especially by the members of the executive board, because she is a woman," says Chief Accountant Jacques Belgrand, who has been working for Berlioux for 10 years. "She knows it and that's why she wants to do her work better than a man would."

During a recent visit to Los Angeles, the site of the 1984 Olympics, Berlioux drove herself relentlessly through a week of meetings, luncheons, cocktail parties and dinners while struggling to overcome the nine-hour time difference between L.A. and Lausanne. One of the reasons for the trip was to acquaint Samaranch, the new IOC president, with the 1984 venues. As Samaranch and Berlioux



Madame and IOC President Samaranch (in sunglasses) recently toured the Los Angeles Coliseum

continued



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strolled into the Coliseum, the former (1932) and future Olympic stadium, with Peter Ueberroth, the president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee. Berlioux turned to Ueberroth and said, "Has this been changed? When I last came here, 10 years ago, it was terribly shabby."

Ueberroth: "We got a new track."

Berlioux: "But you also changed the vents."

Ueberroth: "Yes. Some."

Although the L.A. committee is making all the preparations for the Games and will be the host, it too is new to the job and needs expert advice. "The best place to learn from is the IOC," says Ueberroth. "The meetings with President Samaranch and Madame Berlioux were primarily held so we could profit from their experience, and Madame Berlioux in particular was very helpful. She provides the continuity between the Games and helps each organizing committee get pointed in the right direction. Furthermore, the IOC has the right to negotiate our TV contracts. Madame was able to advise us of the history of prior negotiations with the same groups. She or her representative attends every negotiating session."

"She works very hard to get the policies of the president across and I think that is why our meetings were very lengthy. Since he is a new president to the IOC, his policies are also new to her and she has to bring them to us."

In L.A., Berlioux criticized the manner in which the local committee had been treating the press. "She emphatically instructed us to make progress in our relations with the press," says Ueberroth. "She told us that it was our responsibility to let the Olympic committees of all the nations know of our preparations through the media. She said we worked too quietly."

When asked how the talks had gone in Los Angeles, Berlioux replied, "Not bad."

Madame has little time for privacy, but power and luxury are substitutes she can appreciate. She spends much of her time behind a huge antique English desk in her well-appointed office in the Château du Vidy, a 19th-century mansion that is IOC headquarters. At 55, she is a handsome woman of 5' 7" and some 165 pounds, a few of which she attributes to too many business lunches. She is

commanding, vital, dignified, and she wears the right labels: the Hermes dress, the gold wristwatch by Les must de Cartier, the green-rimmed Christian Dior glasses that match her jade necklace. She moves easily among the members of the IOC and their elegant wives.

"These are women who have everything," says Meuwly. "It's a snob atmosphere. You have to conform to what is considered good taste, good ton."

In politics as well as dress, Berlioux's tastes run to the conservative. Charles de Gaulle is her favorite statesman. As a result, she is accused of being inflexible, one who doesn't care to weigh in other person's views. She never reads newspaper editorials, she says, "because

the athletes made money between the Games, but if it were at all possible, everybody should be equal at the Games, competing just for the glory of it. If I could, I would open the Games to every body, but under the condition that maybe two months before and two months after the Games they must stay clean."

It is often said that if the IOC ever elects a female member, Madame Berlioux should be it. She views that possibility as a pragmatist rather than a feminist. As right arm to the IOC president, she is in a much more influential position than she would be as a member of the club. In subtle ways she can bring about changes in the IOC's policies or direct its president's thinking. "Sport teaches you



Berlioux won 40 French championships in the backstroke and freestyle, and is still an avid swimmer.

I like to make my own commentary."

Once when Brundage expounded his rigid stand on amateurism during a press conference, a journalist rose to tell him, "That's easy for you to say. You have a lot of money," Berlioux, who sat next to Brundage, answered for him, admonishing the reporter, "If you think money is that important, I feel sorry for you."

But Berlioux is also a realist when it comes to accepting the course "amateurism" has taken. "You cannot close the door now," she says. "The boat is taking water everywhere. We should not care if

to fight, but you have to last a little longer to win," she says. "Mr. Brundage looked strong, but he may have been a little weaker than he looked. You could make him do things, finally, by persuasion. Lord Killanin seemed weaker, but in the end he was more difficult than Brundage. So I sometimes did not convince him."

"Madame Berlioux's position is so strong," says Gerald Puget, a sports-writer for the *Tribune de Genève*, "because she is aware of her place at all times. She shows her superb intelligence by observing the boundaries

(continued)

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of her position and being very discreet.

"Her detractors say of her that she is a feminist or even a lesbian, those things that strong women are usually accused of being. She has to be tough in her position, where she is always up against those old guys. She has method and drive, imagination, maturity and spirit. She is positive. But most of all, I find that she is very womanly. She is always sensitive to flowers and compliments, to a *jolie phrase*. She is not a Valkyrie."

Monique was born on Dec. 22, 1925 in Metz, France to Victor Libotte, a Belgian-born tailor's cutter, and his French wife, Suzanne. Her parents were divorced soon after her birth; her mother moving to Paris with Monique and Marie-Luce, her older sister. But because Monique was a frail child who suffered several attacks of whooping cough and was a burden at home, she was sent to live with her maternal grandparents in Nogent-en-Bassigny, a village in the northeast of France. "It was nice to have a garden," she says, "but Nogent was a very cold place and I missed my sister very much."

The only truly happy event Madame remembers of that period was when she was allowed to travel to Paris alone at the age of six. "It was quite an adventure," she says. "I had to change trains twice. I had this horrible country hat on, and when my mother saw me, she screamed and immediately cut off all the ribbons."

When Monique was 10 years old, she was reclaimed by her mother, who had married Eugene Berlioux, a physical education instructor. Madame Suzanne Berlioux had become the swimming coach of the secondary school in Paris where she was teaching, and whenever she took her classes to the piscine for lessons, Monique and her sister had to come along. "My mother thought it was much better for us to swim after school than to play," Monique says. "It was school, swim, then go to bed. When we were one minute late for swimming she yelled at us."

Monique went on to become a world-class competitor, winning her first national championship, in the 100-meter backstroke, at age 12. She swam competitively for 14 more years, winning 40 national titles in the backstroke at various distances and in the 400-meter freestyle. She also won the annual eight-km swim in the Seine six times.



Among the treasured souvenirs in Berlioux's Lausanne apartment is a collection of Olympic torches.

For the family, the World War II years were filled with fears. The pool she swam in was frequently used by German soldiers, and one day one of them accidentally dived in on top of Monique. In a flash Maman Berlioux took off her wooden shoes and, as Parisiennes around them froze in terror, threw them at the German's head. When the soldier came out of the pool, Maman beat at him with her fists. Sheepishly, he retreated before the onslaught. Another time, when Monique was about 17, she and her mother spent two days in jail because they had been caught in an area off limits to the French. "We were doing a little bit of resistance," says Berlioux. "We were courtes. Fortunately, we had already delivered the papers when we were caught."

"My mother is 82 now. She takes care of my country home in France, which is just a couple of miles from hers. She has been breeding cats, but now she is promising to put them on the Pill."

When the war was over, Berlioux set her sights on the 1948 Olympics in London. Her chances of winning a medal were wiped out by an appendectomy three weeks before the Games. She made it to the semifinals in the 100 backstroke, but a sixth place eliminated her from the finals.

"I remember seeing Monique at the

London Olympics," says Puget. "She struck me as a very headstrong girl. My appendectomy will not stop me from competing," she told the press, and she had this defiant attitude. I never forgot her eyes, so very bright, glaring at you. I thought, this one is not easy to deal with."

The French swimming federation was to discover that in 1952 Berlioux was still France's best swimmer, but she refused to compete in the Helsinki Olympics because of two pounds of jam that hadn't been delivered to her. We still had a lot of food problems," Madame says, "and the federation gave jam to all the swimmers except me. So I told them I would not go in Helsinki. I was very stubborn. And after Helsinki, unfortunately for them, I won the French championship again."

At this point Berlioux decided to retire from competition and devote herself to journalism. She had studied at the Sorbonne—Spanish, English, history and literature—and received a Master of Arts degree in 1948. While in school in the war years, she had been a sports reporter for an underground paper that later became *France-Sport*. In 1954, Berlioux was invited to join 200 members of an international "Association of Communist Women" on a trip to Peking. She accepted, but told her boss that she wasn't

a Communist and that her reporting might not be favorable. Her articles landed her a job with *L'Aurore*, a right-wing newspaper in Paris.

Two years later she married Serge Groussard, a journalist for *Le Figaro*, and was prepared to forsake her career. But, at the same time, she decided not to forsake her name, which took courage in the '50s. "Berlioux was my third name already," she says. "First I was a Libotte, then a Poincaré, which was the name of my grandparents, and when I went back to my mother I inherited the name of her second husband. Enough! Furthermore, I don't see why a woman ought to take her husband's name. It infuriates me."

The hiatus from work was a brief one. Two months after they were married, Groussard enlisted to fight in Algeria for an *Algérie Française*, and Berlioux went back to journalism and public relations work. Twice she was pregnant; each time she suffered a miscarriage.

When Berlioux moved to Lausanne in 1967, Groussard stayed in Paris, though he always accompanies her to the Olympics. "We are separated for the time being," she says. "He has become quite *savage*. He decided to go back to literature and he started writing several novels at the same time. We shall see what gets finished." They had a happy reunion last February when Berlioux flew to Paris for their silver wedding anniversary.

Myraam Meuwly first met Berlioux in 1963, during the African Games in Dakar, and that is where Berlioux first met Brundage. "Men were very attracted to her," Meuwly recalls. "She was slimmer then and sweeter. She was so golden, her hair, her eyes, her tan, I wanted to be like her. We both escorted Brundage because there was nobody else who spoke English." The three of them dined together in grand style and later, whenever Brundage asked Meuwly to accompany him to Paris, they would often meet Berlioux for an evening out. "She was always fun to be with," says Meuwly. "She loves caviar and strawberries and good red wine. We laughed

a lot. But once, and I think I can reveal this without betraying her, she said to me, 'What wouldn't I give for a little tenderness.'"

It hardly comes as a surprise, then, that Berlioux is a compulsive gift-giver. As proper and stern as she aims to be, her generosity usually—as she must mean it to—smooths the resentment she may have caused. She always remembers the birthdays of her employees and throws

girls here have such pretty legs.' Arrrr!"

By now Madame has come to enjoy Lausanne and the comfort of her attractive duplex in a modern apartment complex that includes a 25-meter outdoor pool, in which she swims 40 laps whenever she can find the time. When she travels she takes every opportunity to dip into a pool or the ocean. The only time she forgoes a swim is when there wouldn't be enough time left for her to dry her hair before the next meeting. "I would look terrible," she says.

She usually wears her hair Peter Pan style, but before meetings and social events in Lausanne she calls upon Jean of Vogue Hair to create a more elegant coiffure. During a recent visit, Madame could be observed listening to Jean, who insisted on telling her all about his latest romantic escapades. Madame, captive in her chair, looked serious, nodding occasionally, evidently to show her intense interest. Later, walking up avenue Villamont, she said, "Jean is such a *pédéraste*. When he goes on like that, I have time to think about something else."

Later she showed off her tastefully furnished apartment, with its fine pieces of period furniture and paintings, most of which were done by friends in Paris. Still waiting to be given their proper places were mementos from the Moscow Olympics—half a dozen icons, lacquer boxes and an enormous portrait of her by the Soviet painter Ilya Glazunov, done in bright colors with St. Basil's as a backdrop. It was a present Samurach commissioned as soon as he had been elected IOC president, because, as he says, "We are lucky to have Madame as director."

Berlioux's greatest treasure, however, is her collection of Olympic torches, displayed on top of a bookcase. She has all of them, except the one from the 1936 Games in Berlin, the first time a torch was relayed from Greece to the Olympic stadium. Torch after torch after torch, they represent the essence of Madame Berlioux's life, the continuity of the Olympic Games.



Suzanne Berlioux can be as forceful a personality as her daughter

lavish Christmas parties, usually at fine restaurants, where she presents tasteful and expensive gifts to each of her guests.

Berlioux remains fiercely French, she had a hard time accepting life in Lausanne. "At first I went to Paris every weekend to breathe," she says. "The Swiss life is very comfortable, but you have to get used to it." Early on in Lausanne she used to drive her car right up on the sidewalks to park as Parisians do, and each time there would be people chasing after her into the store, reminding her that she couldn't park there. "When I complained that you had to walk uphill all the time," she says, "I was told, 'That's why the

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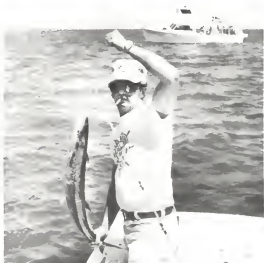
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AMERICAN MOTORS

Holy mackerel! It's a shooting war!

It's netter vs. sporting angler in the kingfish fracas off Key West. Both sides pack guns. The fish may be packing it in



Charterboat Captain Barry Evans lands a nice king. Behind him a roller rig net boat closes in.

Key West, Fla., which lies at the bottom of the Florida Keys like the frayed tip of a rope, has justifiably been called "the end of the road." For decades the little island community, situated 165 miles southwest of Miami, has attracted a diverse crowd of sportsmen, artists, sun worshipers and vagabonds, many of whom wound up there for no other reason than that the road they were on abruptly gave way to the sea.

Now it appears that Key West may be the end of the road for an entirely different kind of transient, *Scomberomorus cavalla*, the king mackerel, more commonly known as kingfish. Large fishing boats, trailing monofilament gill nets, have been working the waters around Key West. Known as "roller rigs" for the hydraulically powered, net-pulling rollers mounted on their decks, the boats have begun to harvest one of this country's last great concentrations of kingfish.

Local sport fishermen and commercial hook-and-liners, as well as conservationists throughout the state, are outraged by

the invasion. "I don't much believe in conservation and I don't have many principles," says Barry Evans, a leathery charter-boat guide who works out of Key West OceanSide Marina. "But, my God, any idiot can see what these roller rigs are doing to kingfish. They're like vacuum cleaners. They've devastated kings on the west coast of Florida from Tampa down to Everglades City. And they've done a hell of a job on the east coast starting up around Cocoa Beach. And now they've come all the way down here to get the last of the fish. I mean, we're talking about houts—and there must be 50 of them here this season—striking up to 30,000 pounds at a time. It is possible to quickly wipe out a species. Remember passenger pigeons? It's been done."

One thing that vanished quickly after the roller rigs first arrived en masse to

fish the deep waters off Key West a year ago December is common seafaring etiquette. There have been several ugly scenes out on the water, with net boats and hook-and-liners both acting badly. Rights-of-way have been ignored; warning shots have been fired. Virtually everyone now carries weapons on his boat. Dennis Dallmeyer, a hook-and-liner who says his entire 1981 kingfish season has been ended by the influx of roller rigs from outside Monroe County, was recently hit by a net boat. "I had a big gaff in my hand ready to go through the captain's head before he could reach for any gun," says Dallmeyer with a vehemence typical of both factions.

In another recent incident, several dozen hook-and-liners and sport-fishing boats working a school of kingfish off Sand Key began throwing buckets of fish

Continued

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guts into the water because they felt the net boats had ventured too close to their area. Sharks swarmed the scene, tearing holes in the roller rigs' expensive nets. At the docks later, a netter confronted a hook-and-liner, an argument ensued and the netter began beating the other man with a piece of lumber. The hook-and-liner's wife pulled a gun and fired several shots into the water before the netter ran off.

Rolie Franzen, the president of the Florida League of Anglers and a vocal opponent of the roller rigs and their organizations, the Southeastern Fisheries Association and the Organized Fishermen of Florida, is trying to get a bill passed by the state legislature that would outlaw kingfish gillnetting in Florida waters. The bill also would make it illegal to sell or transport in the state any kingfish that had been gillnetted. And as a demonstration of even-handedness, the bill would limit sport fishermen to five kingfish per day; at present there is no bag limit in Florida. Still, Franzen thinks it will be tough getting the bill passed.

"Even though there are two million of us recreational fishermen and about 300 commercial hook-and-liners in Florida, we've got a lot less power and money than the other side," he says. "And there are less than 50 of the large roller rigs in the state. But organizations like the Southeastern Fisheries Association and the Organized Fishermen of Florida have had lobbyists in Tallahassee for years, and they've got the big fish houses behind them. But how can they be so shortsighted? When the kingfish are gone, they're gone for the netters, too."

Bob Jones, the executive director of the Southeastern Fisheries Association, agrees with Franzen that something should be done, but not to the net boats. "The real bottom line here is not that the kingfish are disappearing, but who gets them. The League of Anglers people don't want us to have any. I'll be damned if we'll turn over our fishing rights to sport fishermen just because they're making a lot of noise and threats. What's needed here is some common courtesy, some education on both sides and a formula so all user groups can get a share of the catch. But I don't think anyone is going to intimidate the netters out of working. You're talking about a man's livelihood. The netters will fight, yessir."

Butch Carter, 37, is one of those netters. A Key West resident for 28 years,

he has worked most of his life to save the money to buy his \$150,000 roller-rig boat, the 48-foot *Alana Kay*. "I've had the opportunity to run dope," says Carter, standing on his boat at Aqua Harvesters, a processing house for the roller rigs. "But I'll never do it. I didn't get into this just to make a quick buck and get out. I've got two growing sons who want to be fishermen, and if I thought I was wiping out their future I'd quit netting. But I don't think these fish can be wiped out. I struck a million pounds of kings this year, but I landed only 200,000 pounds. Now where did the rest of them go? They got away."

To understand the touchiness of the Key West situation, one must know something about kingfish and their impact on the Florida fishing community. A migratory, schooling fish from the same family as Spanish mackerel and tuna, kingfish exist in some numbers from Virginia to Brazil. An extremely large group (in past years, schools over 12 miles long and 50 or more feet deep were observed) annually arrives off Key West in late December and stays in the area feeding on baitfish before heading north into the Gulf in spring.

The habits of kingfish aren't clearly understood, though a tagging study begun by the Florida Department of Natural

Resources in 1975 has made some headway. Among the findings, kingfish can live for 13 years and grow to 90 pounds; kingfish tagged off Fort Pierce and Key West during winter months have traveled as far as the Yucatan Peninsula.

What has been known for some time about the fish is that as they arrive off different parts of the Florida mainland, they set off riots of kingfishing fever among the local residents. Not only are they excellent game fish, but they are *continued*



Carter (top) a netter, sees a future for his sons. Evans wonders if the kingfish have a future.



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CONSERVATION *continued*

esteemed as table fare. When the schools of kongs arrive, boats of every type hit the water, marinas turn into madhouses, charter guides are booked solid, commercial hook-and-liners work daylight to dark, oceanfront economies boom. However, since February 1978, when roller riggers broke a gentleman's agreement with hook-and-liners and moved into a previously unnetted area off Fort Pierce and then continued southward along the east coast, commercial and recreational catches of kingfish have declined.

Many marine biologists believe the hook-and-liners are overreacting by blaming all their woes on gill-netters. "Some of those sport fishermen get the feeling they're sacrosanct, that they're after the Holy Grail or something," says Mark Godcharles of St. Petersburg, a Department of Natural Resources fishery biologist who works on the kingfish-tagging program. "They don't like netting because it's not sporting. But, personally, I don't think kingfish are in any danger of being wiped out."

Nor does Don de Silva, a professor of marine science at the Rosenstiel School of Marine and Atmospheric Science at the University of Miami. Says de Silva, "Overfishing isn't as big a problem as people think. Kingfish, as with other species, seem to have strong and weak years, depending upon their survival during young stages of their life history. Suddenly, when everybody thinks they're wiped out, they come roaring back. But fishermen are like farmers, it was always better yesterday."

But though they have a hard time backing beliefs with confirming facts, anglers like Rolfe Franzen and Barry Evans are certain the decline of the kingfish is a real and worsening problem. And they're just as certain the roller rigs with their 270-degree side-scan sonars and spotter airplanes are the culprits.

"Gill nets disturb the kingfish's migratory patterns," says Evans. "And when the nets 'rock up,' they just destroy the coral reefs. Gill nets also spook the fish so badly that after a few net strikes, a lot of times the fish won't eat or take a hook for weeks." Franzen has been told by many fishermen that during gill-net strikes on tightly packed schools of kingfish, thousands of fish suffocate and fall to the bottom. Worse yet, says Franzen, is the damage done when a gill net is lost; it will spread across the ocean floor and continue to kill some bottom fish

for years, because it is not biodegradable.

"Just from an economic standpoint it makes sense to get rid of gill nets," Franzen adds. "Recreational fishing generates about \$2 billion for the Florida economy compared to less than \$200 million for all commercial fishing, including shrimp and lobstering. The problem is that we, the recreational fishermen, have been asleep."

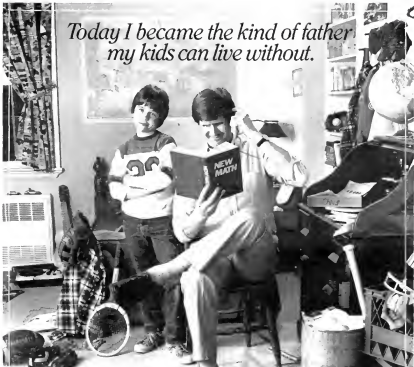
On the dock at Oceanside Marina, charter-boat Captain Dick Dunlap watches a distant roller rig churn westward toward what remains of this year's Key West kingfish school. Grizzled and heavyset, the 56-year-old Dunlap is aware of Franzen's legal efforts to protect the fish, but he isn't concerned with them just now. A few days earlier he and a client, a 72-year-old tourist with a kingfish on the line, found themselves encircled by a roller rig's net. Dunlap released his client's fish, ran his boat, the *Clean Machine*, to the edge of the net, pulled up the line with a gaff and cut it. The net then floated under the roller rig's prop and became fouled there.

As he raced for home, "trying to stay out of gunshot range," Dunlap says he was chased by two other net boats. A spotter plane buzzed him and a third roller rig tried to cut in front of him. But Dunlap was able to maneuver the *Clean Machine* into the shallow water near Boca Grande and escape. The next day in the Key West harbor a net boat with a five-man crew started to harass the *Clean Machine* again, but left when several other charter boats pulled alongside Dunlap's boat.

"I'm not saying it was the coolest thing to do—to cut that net," Dunlap says now. "But it had just gotten to the point where I was being totally intimidated by those guys." He continues looking out to sea. "Greed," he says after a while. "As the world gets bigger and there's more people, we just stop caring about things... trees, nature, everything."

Most of the roller rigs have already left Key West to follow the kingfish as they move north. But someone has mentioned to Dunlap that if the new law isn't passed the netters will be back next year, and they may make a point of looking him up then to settle the score.

With a shrug that intimates how far this thing has gone, Dunlap replies, "If I'd been afraid, it would have been years ago in World War II." Then, as an afterthought, he adds, "I'm armed."



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Having held off Yale's late challenge, the Huskies collapse instantly as they cross the finish line

The biggest were the best

In the year's first major regatta, Washington's outsized oarsmen, exhorted by an emotional cox, outpulled Yale, Harvard and other classy crews from both coasts

John Zevenbergen, the browniest member of the country's biggest crew, calls it "my primordial scream," and it bellowed over San Diego's Mission Bay last Saturday as Zevenbergen and his fellow University of Washington oarsmen beat back Yale, California and Harvard in the San Diego Crew Classic, the first big regatta of the year. The great apes in the city's famed zoo might well have recoiled. When the 6' 4", 215-pound six-oar came ashore and grabbed him like a rag mop, and shouting, "Yeah, yeah, yeah . . ." there were those who feared for Cohen's life. The day was complete for Washington when Matt Arrott, the Harvard stroke-oar (6 feet, 192) relinquished his racing jersey to Huskie Stroke Marius Felix (6' 7½", 225), and said, "People don't get many of these."

How true. Harvard, a magical name in rowing, loses few races and hadn't finished as far back as fourth since this same

event three years ago. And it had been toasty in New England: ice on the Charles broke three weeks early, allowing Harvard and neighboring Northeastern to head west unusually well prepared. With an ice-free winter for the first time in three years, the Huskies had been rowing on Seattle's Lake Washington since Sept. 29. In fact, the only place where the weather seemed to be acting up was San Diego. Sheets of rain swept the bay as race day approached, and a bitter crosswind gusts over the course, kicking up quite a sea. Harry Parker, Harvard's coaching wizard, concerned about the conditions, called from his launch to one of his oarsmen, "You're pivoting that wrist too far," and to another, "You're turning that handle too much."

"You run the risk of having the blade slip back into the water," he explained, "and of catching a crab; on a day like this you could end up swimming."

Yale Coach Tony Johnson, who had

never brought his oarsmen to San Diego before, told them, "You might find, with the strong wind here, that you end up going crab style down the course. It's a touchy thing."

Penn's Ted Nash was saying, "I like Washington if the wind blows across the course. But if it quiets down, I think the finesse of Harvard or Yale could pull one of them through."

Washington arrived late and took only one brief workout on the bay. Coach Dick Erickson, known in Seattle as The Admiral of the Western Fleet, seemed even more highly strung than usual. "I've never seen him so psyched over a crew, or so confident," Zevenbergen said.

The Huskies average 6' 5½" and 206 pounds per man. In fact, two members of the crew are as tall as Washington's tallest starting basketball players: Felix and Greg Hoffman, the 6' 8" four-man. Five-man Sam Eastabrooks, a mere 6' 7", keeps in the mood for rowing in the summer by paddling about 20 miles nonstop, in six-man outrigger canoes, near his parents' Oahu home.

Erickson was so hyped that he even had stopped smoking his pipe—there

continued



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were ramrods that he used to sleep with it—and began running, up to six miles at a shot. Two days before leaving for San Diego, the Admiral conducted one of his late-afternoon instructional on Lake Washington. Through his megaphone, he told Eastabrooks, "Sam, keep your eyes up. Look at Zevenbergen's back in front of you. That will help you keep from dropping the oar handle as you roll up from the catch."

Erickson said to an onlooker, "Sam may be the cleverest man in the boat for blade work, but he tends to look down as his blade catches the water, which makes it pop up instead of going in."

To Hoffman, who sometimes fails to row with his arms early enough in the stroke, he called, "Greg, you've got to sit up, and bend your right arm earlier in the drive."

At two-oar was Erickson's 6' 3" son, Alan. "We have two different relationships," says Alan. "In one he's a coach, and in the other he's a father." The coach says: "He catches well, but he has to improve the thrust of his backside. He tends to row what we call a double stroke; he gets his legs down all right, but instead of making it fluent then, he's jerky with his body." One day on Lake Washington Erickson the coach said, "Al, you've got to watch that double stroke. Accelerate the slide from the catch through to the release. Catch hard and release hard."

There is no end to an oarsman's stroke, and no beginning, no measuring its complexity and no way for a non-oarsman to appreciate fully the difficulty of executing it well. The blade enters the water, and that is the catch, with the oarsman's arms fully extended and his legs fully bent. The bottom edge of the blade cuts into the water, and the drive begins. Power is applied from the legs and the back, the blade is drawn through the water, and halfway through the drive the arms begin drawing in. The drive ends with the legs extended, most power having come from the legs and back, but finally, at the drive's end, it is the oarsman's arms that keep the boat moving. The blades must pivot smoothly from the water, feathering upward, all the blades in unison, of course. Too much pivot, too much turning of an oar blade, and someone can catch a crab. Many crews, seemingly headed for victory, have found themselves stopped dead in the water by such a misfortune.

Finally, with the blades out of the wa-



Coach becomes father again as Washington's Dick Erickson congratulates his two oar and son, Alan.

ter, shoulders and hands start moving forward, followed by the oarsman's body in his sliding seat. His arms fully extend, his legs start folding and the catch is about to begin again.

Truly, there is no beginning and no end to the stroke, and there is no end to the teaching of it. The elusive goal is eight strong men, stroking in perfect form and harmony, the rise and fall of each blade a duplication of every other.

Race day dawned bright, and by noon the wind was gusting to 20 knots, a quartering tailwind. The crews lined up in this order: Cal, Washington, Harvard, Yale, Northeastern and UCLA. The start was unusually spirited, with Harvard leading from the line. Washington cox Cohen had his eyes to the right, on the Cal crew, which had won the first morning heat in a fast 5:52.9 for 2,000 meters, breaking Harvard's 1976 course record of 6:01.8, with the Crimson second. Washington had won Heat 2 in 5:52.2. Suddenly Cohen saw Harvard up front. "Harvard's got a seat on us," he shouted.

That was at 200 meters. Quickly Cohen reassured his men. "We are moving," and at around 400 meters Washington edged ahead. At 500, though, Yale closed in, and Cal wasn't too far behind. Growing increasingly nervous, Cohen kept glaring about. He called out, "Lengthen the stroke, squeeze it right to the stomach."

At 750, Yale was edging up and Cohen's response was an insistent, "Yale's making a move. Let's take a regroup 10."

or, as one Huskie explained, "10 strokes to concentrate, to think of all the guys in the boat, all of them working as hard as I was." Washington held its lead. At 1,400, Cohen, nearly hysterical, was shouting, "Washington! Washington! Washington!" He seemed convinced he could beat back Yale with his mouth. But at 1,600, Yale had pulled dead even.

Cohen had one trick left, an order and a plea to his crew: "Power up." Up the power went. Washington won by seven seats and Yale had open water over Cal. Zevenbergen raved about Cohen. "It's not so much what he says, but how he says it, that gets us going. I can't even understand what he's saying at times, but I always know what he means."

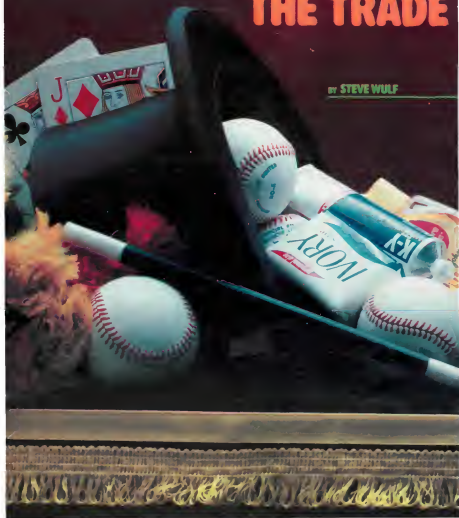
Washington had broken the course record for the second time that day, with a 5:44.8, but the time wasn't important to Zevenbergen, who was bellowing away, or to Felix, who hung over the side of his shell, laughing and being sick to his stomach at the same time. "It was worth it," he kept saying when he was able to speak.

Dick Erickson sprinted madly toward where his shell was going to land, and he wasn't even breathing hard. Twenty minutes later he stood on the victor's platform and said, "I want to thank all of those East Coast crews for coming out to race us this early in their seasons."

If Zevenbergen & Co. keep the primordial juices flowing, late is going to be as rewarding for the Admiral as early.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

BY STEVE WULF



Kansas City, Sept. 30, 1980. Bill Kunkel, working the night watch out of bunco, apprehends Rick Honeycutt (male Caucasian, 26, 6' 1", 190 pounds) for battery with intent to doctor a baseball. The facts: Kunkel, an American League umpire, catches Honeycutt, a Seattle pitcher, using a thumbtack taped with a Band-Aid to the forefinger of his right (non-throwing) hand to carve up baseballs he is pitching to the Royals. Let's return to the scene of the crime.

"It was the third inning," Kunkel recalls, "I wasn't looking for

continued

Loaded bats, phantom DPs and balls doctored with everything from flour to fly-line cleaner may be illegal, but they're as much a part of the grand old game as, well, the spitter





TRICKS OF THE TRADE

CONTINUED

anything in particular, but Willie Wilson had complained about some of the pitches. I saw the Band-Aid on his finger and asked him what happened. When I grabbed his hand I got stuck. I was shocked."

The pitcher's testimony "I thought the thumbtack trick up all by myself. Pretty smart, huh? Look, I was desperate at that point in the season [he was 6-0 on May 8, 10-17 on Sept. 30]. I figured, 'What did I have to lose?' Well, as soon as I see Kunkel coming out to the mound, I tried to get rid of the tack. But I had done too good a job of taping it on. I felt like I was being pulled over for speeding.

"All I wanted to do after that was plead my case. I wanted to tell everybody that I was really sorry, that what I did was stupid and that I'd never do it again. I never wanted this to happen, and I didn't know the consequences. Besides, I'd only scratched three bats that night, and none of them did anything. But before I could say a word, Kunkel told me, 'You're gone.'"

"I'm glad we caught him," says Kunkel, himself a former American League pitcher. "But I'm sad somebody would do something like that."

The surprise in the Honeycutt case is not that "somebody would do something like that," but rather that somebody would actually get caught doing something like that.

Birds do it. A's do it. Even educated Jays do it. Mets do it. Mess ball in glove.

Baseball players also plug bats with



cork, cheat on the double play, con runners, balk umpires and steal signs. There are a thousand tricks of the trade, and they're all done in the name of gamesmanship. They run from the illegal to the immoral to the unethical to the clever. As long as the other team isn't doing them, they're just part of baseball.

BALLS

The granddaddy of all the tricks is the spitball. It has come a long way from that day in 1902 when, during a pregame warmup, an outfielder in the Eastern League named George Hildebrand tried to make fun of a rookie pitcher who went to his fingertips before he threw the ball. Hildebrand loaded up a ball with a generous helping of saliva and threw it to the catcher. "The ball took such a peculiar shot that the three of us couldn't help but notice," Hildebrand once re-

called. Like Newton and Goodyear before him, Hildebrand had made a remarkable discovery quite by accident. Word of it got around, and in 1908 Ed Walsh won 39 games with a spitball. The spitter was outlawed in 1920 for sanitary reasons, and Babe Ruth went from 29 homers to 54. However, pitchers already in the major leagues who registered as spitballers could still throw the pitch, so the last legal spitter was delivered in 1934, by Burleigh Grimes, whose drooler got him into the Hall of Fame.

That wasn't the end of it, however. Thanks to the research of such pioneers as Lew Burdette, Whitey Ford, Don Drysdale and Gaylord Perry, the spitball has given way to the mudball, the shineball, the shampoo ball, the pine tar ball, the sandpaper ball, the petroleum jelly ball, the belt buckle ball and the puffball.

Players are willing to reveal which pitchers throw a less-than-kosher cowhide, although they make it clear that nobody on their team would ever do such a thing. Nearly every sinkerball pitcher gets accused—one of the things that burned Honeycutt was that during his unbeaten string at the start of last season, he was constantly being suspected of loading up the ball, even though he was strictly legit. The names most frequently mentioned are those of Perry, Don Sutton, Tom Burgmeier, Pete Vuckovich, Tommy John, Dave Goltz, Jim Barr, Enrique Romo, Ferguson Jenkins, Bill Lee, Mike Torrez, Stan Bahnsen, Mike Caldwell, Paul Splittorff, Ross Grimsley, Bill Castro, Glenn Abbott, Bob Stanley and Doug Corbett, not to mention 99 and 44/100% of the Oakland staff. The A's, under the tutelage of Pitching Coach Art Fowler, are said to be fond of rubbing

continued



Former Tiger Norm Cash demonstrates how he doctored his bats when he won the American League batting title in 1961 with a .361 average. 1 Cash begins by drilling a hole eight inches deep and half an inch wide. 2 After removing sawdust from the hole, 3 he starts trimming pieces of cork. 4 Cash then applies wood glue to the pieces and inserts them into the bat. 5 After capping the hole with a mix of shavings and glue, 6 he smooths and 7 sands the top. 8 Batter up!



Ivory soap on the insides of their goat legs at the spot where their throwing hands touch their thighs. When the pants become wet with sweat, the soap just happens to come through to the other side for easy application. The only pitcher on the A's who wasn't accused last year was Dave Beard, who made all of 13 appearances. Apologies to any pitcher left off the above list.

By scuffing, soaping, greasing, etc., a pitcher is able to grip the ball conventionally and throw it with the force of a fastball but achieve exaggerated movement. None of the pitchers has probably ever heard of Dr. Hermann Schlichting, a former southpaw for the Engineering University of Braunschweig, West Germany, but in his 1951 classic, *Boundary Layer Theory*, Schlichting explained the magic behind the spithall as follows: "Integrating the pressure distribution and the shearing stress over the surface of the sphere, we obtain the total drag

$$D = 6\pi\mu R U_{\infty}$$

This is the very well-known Stokes equation for the drag of a sphere."

Got that? In other words, by moving with the baseball, the pitcher creates a kind of a drag (The Buckinghams, 1966) that changes the flow lines around the ball, making them asymmetric. Even the slightest change will give the ball a more pronounced wobble, producing a funkier pitch than can be thrown without tampering with

the ball. For instance, a sinkerball pitcher will most often throw from the side or three-quarters with topspin on the ball. A normal sinkerball drops three or four inches. By scuffing the ball, usually on the topside just behind the horseshoe of the seam, a pitcher can make it drop by as much as half a foot. A fastball pitcher who comes over the top, putting backspin on the ball, can make his pitch take an extra hop by scuffing the underside.

The spithall is often

the last refuge of the marginal pitcher, who is either losing his stuff or didn't have all that much to begin with. When erstwhile Oriole Ross Grimsley, in 1975, got in a jam one day, his pitching coach, George Bamberger, went out to the mound and said, "If you can cheat, I wouldn't want one pitch longer." This wasn't idle talk, because Bamberger is said to have taught his pitchers in Baltimore and Milwaukee "the Staten Island sinker," which is named after Bambi's home borough.

Of course, the malady of the debasement is Perry. Over the years he has progressed from Slippery Elm (pronounced ELL-um) lozenges, all the better for keeping a ready supply of saliva; to K-Y jelly, ideal for lubing a greaseball, to Pillsbury flour, which he mixes with resin to produce the puffball—a dry rather than wet pitch that the batter has to locate amid a cloud of dust. Billy Martin, then managing the Tigers, once brought a bloodhound to the ball park just to sniff out the Indians' ball bag when Perry was pitching. Ralph Houk suspected Perry of supplanting spit with a fly-line cleaner favored by fishermen because it's clear and dries quickly. Such attention no doubt pleases Perry, who believes that a batter's anxiety over the prospect of being thrown a spithall can serve as useful a purpose as the spitter itself.

Pete Rose says that if he were a pitcher, "I'd try to get every edge I could."

But Honeycutt has had second, third and home thoughts about what he did. "I hadn't been in any trouble since the last time I was sent to the principal's office. But there I was, sitting in the tunnel after they threw me out. All the other guys were coming up to me, making jokes—the whole season was a joke. Then it hit me. What are they going to do to me? Is the commissioner going to ban me from baseball forever? What an ordeal."

"Crime never pays."

No, it doesn't. Honeycutt was fined \$250 and suspended for 10 days, the last five of the 1980 season and the first five of this season. The last pitcher to be suspended for throwing a doctored baseball was Nels Potter of the St. Louis Browns; he was caught by Umpire Cal Hubbard and told to take a walk for 10 days in 1944, which was, perhaps coincidentally, the year Potter had his best season, with 19 wins.

With all the shing and dicing going on, it seems strange that it took umpires 36 years to catch another pitcher in the act. Actually Umpire Doug Harvey nabbed Sutton, then with the Dodgers, in 1978 and threw him out of a game. But Sutton threatened to sue if he was suspended, so it was made clear that he was ejected not for doctoring a baseball, but for throwing a baseball that happened to be doctored. Otherwise, Sutton has always enjoyed his outlaw reputation. Once, an umpire went out to inspect Sutton's glove and found a note inside which read, "You're getting warm, but it is not here."

Dave Duncan, the pitching coach of the Cleveland Indians, estimates that close to 50% of the pitchers in baseball do something to the ball. Former Twins Manager Gene Mauch, now in the Angels' front office, says, "More pitchers are doing it than at any time in the 40 years I've been associated with baseball."

Honeycutt says, "Every day I heard a new rumor about another

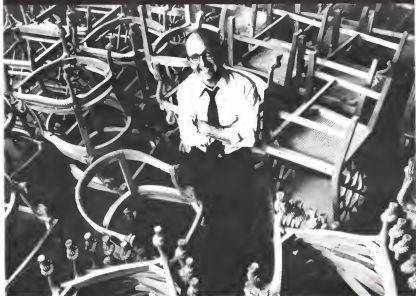


A sly first baseman can make a safe runner appear to be out by stepping lively

continued

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pitcher doing it. I figured it was O.K. for me to try, too."

Dick Butler, the supervisor of umpires for the American League, doesn't see any more slippery dealings than normal among pitchers, even though both leagues sent out bulletins last year warning umpires to be on the alert for spotters and scuffers. "There's just more attention paid to it," he says. "Maybe nobody complained before. The umpires don't want to see the rules broken, but it's a lot easier to sit in the stands and say someone is doctoring the ball than

of scuffed balls handcrafted by Mike Marshall. Not only was Marshall a doctor of physiological psychology, but a doctor of baseballs as well.

"It's getting ridiculous," says Miller, who maintains that the Orioles only throw them on the sidelines. "I suggested last year that the umpires make it an automatic balk on the pitcher every time they find a scuffed ball. That way, if a relief pitcher comes in with the bases loaded, needing a ground ball, he won't be so quick to scuff the ball."

Tiger Manager Sparky Anderson has

because in the fifth inning of the second game of a doubleheader in Detroit. Nettles hit a bloop single to left and the end of his bat fell off. His single was disallowed, but not his second-inning home run with the same bat. That homer, by the way, produced the game's only run.

The original accounts said that the bat was filled merely with cork. Well, such a legend has grown up around the incident that members of at least three other teams claim Nettles hit the home run against them, and that it wasn't cork inside the bat, but from four to six Super Balls, incredibly lively little devils. Who can ever forget the sight of Tiger Catcher Bill Freehan chasing after the bat for evidence? The Tigers certainly knew a corked bat when they saw one, because their first baseman, Norm Cash, was particularly proud of his. Nettles claimed he didn't know where the bat came from—some fan had given it to him in Chicago "for good luck." The bat was stained a dark brown, so how could Nettles tell?

"Why that lying sonofagun," says Cash. "I ought to know. I used a hollow bat my whole career." But, Norm, surely not in 1961, the year you hit .361 with 41 homers and 132 RBIs. "I'm afraid so," Cash says. "In fact, I owe my success to expansion pitching, a short rightfield fence and my hollow bats."

How do you cork a bat? Well, Cash's method was to bore a hole about eight inches deep and half an inch wide into the meat end of the bat. He left most of the hole empty, plugging only the top two inches of it with cork, sawdust and glue. Cash, who now works outside Detroit for NORPADIC, a manufacturer's representative, says it took him about half an hour to doctor a bat.

According to Earl Weaver, the Orioles' manager, the best way to cork a bat is to drill a hole 12 to 14 inches down into the barrel without splitting the wood and then pack the hole tight with ground-up cork, leaving a two-inch void at the top. The hole is then closed with a carefully shaped plug of plastic wood. Finally, sand over the top of the bat. "You can't spot a good job with a magnifying glass," says Weaver.

What does hollowing the wood from a bat do? According to Cash, it makes the bat lighter, so that a batter is getting the mass of a 36-ounce bat with the whip of a 34-ounce bat. And, of course, it

continued



Rick Manning, Coach Joe Naisiek, Jorge Orta and Miguel Delane serve up some Sho-Kones.

to find evidence of it down on the field. If the balls have marks on them, all in the same spot, beyond the normal wear and tear a baseball gets, then the umpire can do something. That something is this: if an umpire discovers a scuffed ball, he can hold the pitcher responsible—because the pitcher was the person who threw it—and issue a warning. If the umpire detects another similarly scuffed ball, the pitcher can be ejected and suspended for 10 days.

Ray Miller, the Orioles' pitching coach, has a unique collection of abused baseballs, selections from which he occasionally sends to the American League office. His most prized relics are a series

of scuffed balls handcrafted by Mike Marshall. Not only was Marshall a doctor of physiological psychology, but a doctor of baseballs as well.

"Great," says Miller. "I can now conceive of the day when a pitcher will come out to the mound wearing a utility belt, complete with files, chisels, hammer, nail and hacksaw."

BATS

"I don't begrudge the pitchers," says Yankee Third Baseman Gring Nettles. "But until the umpires have the guts to stop them from marking the ball, I see nothing wrong with using a corked bat."

Of course, Nettles wouldn't use one. Not since Sept. 7, 1974 he wouldn't. That date will live forever in baseball infamy

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TRICKS OF THE TRADE

continued

stands to reason that a bat with a cork center will be livelier than a bat with a wood center. Players say they can get an extra 20 to 50 feet with corked bats.

There are other things a hitter can do to coddle his bat. Oldimers used to put nails in them. Some even honed one side of the bat to make it flat and thus increase the hitting surface. Other bats are grooved and the grooves filled with wax. Nettles remembers a player in the minors who used to fill his bat with mercury, on the assumption that the force of the mercury traveling to the barrel head increased the power of the bat. Unfortunately, the player couldn't hit, mercury or not.

Weaver says he used a corked bat

when he played for New Orleans in 1955 and tied his career-high in homers with six. "I cried when they fessed us out," he says. But would his Orioles pull something like this? You bet, says Bamberger. In 1979 he publicly accused Ken Singleton and Rick Dempsey of using corked bats against the Brewers. Weaver, on the other hand, thinks that Cecil Cooper of the Brewers wields a doctored bat. Weaver became convinced after Cooper, who stands 6'2" and weighs 190 pounds, hit a ball out of the park one-handed. "No way a guy his size can do that with a legal bat," said Weaver. "It's a standing joke between us," says Cooper. "Earl always comes over and looks in our bat rack before the game."

The Phillies and Royals are also suspect—perhaps because they were the most successful teams in baseball last year. Then again, maybe they were the most successful teams in baseball because they used corked bats. A couple of years ago one Phillie player—an All-Star—was overheard at the batting cage telling a bat company representative, "I'll take one of the super-cork models." He was probably just kidding.

John Mayberry, now with the Blue Jays, recalls that a corked bat was available when he played for Kansas City. Reportedly, an undercover craftsman used to service the bats in the Kansas City clubhouse, charging only \$1 apiece to cover the cost of cork. Hal McRae, the Royals' designated hitter, is sometimes accused of using a bat that floats, but the one time he was checked—the bat was cut in six pieces—he was clean. Some of the other names bandied about are Mike Schmidt, Davey Lopes, George Foster, Tony Armas, Bobby Grich, Darrell Porter, Buck Martinez, Jose Cardenal and Vic Correll. "I'm sure it goes on," says Rose, who also says he has used one in practice but never in a game. "I always thought that if I got caught, every one of those damn bats I got, people would think I cheated."

The one current player who has admitted to swinging a bogus bat is Andre Thornton, a first baseman/designated hitter for Cleveland and a very religious man. After the 1978 season, Thornton made his confession: "I was approached to use a corked bat. I used it two weeks. It gave me a tremendous emotional problem. I hit one home run with it. But I couldn't find peace with that, even though a lot of players use them. I just couldn't use something illegal and live with myself. It was a dark bat, and no one would ever have known."

"I felt so much joy when I discarded that bat, you can't imagine. My flesh told me to go ahead and use it. All men face such decisions, in any walk of life. Do you cheat? Or do you rise above it?"

So guess what most baseball players would answer.

GLOVES

Thornton is so honest that he's probably the only first baseman not mentioned by players when they discuss who cheats while tagging the bag, i.e., pulls his foot

continued

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TRICKS OF THE TRADE

continued

off before the holder's throw arrives. This is intended to make the umpire believe that the throw got to first before it really did. The list is long, but the best at the cha-cha are Cooper, Jim Spencer, Willie Montanez, Rod Carew, Eddie Murray, Keith Hernandez and the old guard of Rose, Willie Stargell, Tony Perez, Carl Yastrzemski and Lee May. Rose has been playing the position for only two years, but he picked up the knack about two minutes after he became a first baseman. He says Willie McCovey was the best he has ever seen. "He was so good at it," says Rose, "that I was hesitant to try and bunt for base hits on him, because you could be safe by a step and a half and he'd still make you look out." Old-timers say that nobody could compare to Gil Hodges of the Dodgers and Joe Adcock of the Braves for cheating on the bag. Darrell Johnson, the former Seattle and Boston manager and now a coach with the Rangers, says all first basemen do it. "But like Orson Welles says, they only do it when it's time."

"We don't cheat as much as second basemen do on the double play," says former Second Baseman Rose. Bump Wills, Willie Randolph, Jim Morrison, Frank White, Davey Lopes, Mike Tyson, Joe Morgan and Rich Dauer are considered the best—or worst, depending on one's point of view—second basemen at studiously avoiding the bag on the pivot. The phantom double play is sometimes a matter of survival, which is why the umpires rarely acknowledge it, but there are other times when it's just plain cheating. The second baseman hopes to cover up for all manner of faux pas—bad throws from the shortstop, bad timing on his own pivot and the like.

When asked last season what percentage of the time he cheats on the DP, Philadelphia Infielder Ramon Aviles said, "All the time. Last Sunday I participated in four double plays. I cheated on three of them. What happens is that when I play second base, I'll put my left foot on top of the bag as I'm waiting for the throw. When the ump sees my foot on top of the bag, he figures I'm there the whole time. But by the time I catch the ball, I'm not there."

Bobby Grich, the Angels' second baseman, is sometimes cited for cheating on the double play, but he says it ain't so. "I'm a former football player, so I like

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contact. Besides, I'm bigger than most second basemen. The guy, though, who gets away with it more than anyone is Randolph. He was even doing it during infield practice at the All-Star Game. He straddles the bag. I don't know why he does it that way, but he does it often."

The shortstops most frequently accused of ignoring the bag are Fred Patrick, Tim Lincecum, Larry Bowa, Dave Concepcion and Rick Burleson. "Guys like Phil Garner say I cheat," says Concepcion. "I no cheat. I'm just quick." Retired Umpire Hank Sear says, "Burleson is a master at cheating on the bag. So you have to call it on him to make him stop. I did one time in something like a 15-2 game, and he told me, 'I'll get your job for this.'"

Grich is a wizard at many infield tricks. Three or four times a year on flyballs he will fake fielding a grounder to the detriment of the runner going from first to second on a steal or hit-and-run. "If the runner's not watching the ball," says Grich, "he'll get confused. I learned that trick when I was a 9-year-old hot boy on my father's softball team. I love stuff like that. It breaks up the monotony of the game and, after 14 years in pro ball, sometimes I need it." Grich is also adept at positioning his feet to block a runner from getting back to the bag. "It's just as much mine as his," he says. Grich is very good at sneaking up behind runners on pickoff plays, and he has faked more than a few runners into sliding into second when they should have been wheeling on to third.

The pièce de résistance of all infield tricks is the hidden ball. "I've never pulled it off, although I try a couple of times every year," says Grich. "The third base coach or somebody will usually yell and spoil it. I don't know how Gene Michael did it with the Yankees, but he worked it successfully four or five times a year. He's not about to tell me how, now, that he's manager of the team. But that's the one remaining goal of my career—to pull off a hidden-ball trick."

Some first basemen are good at it. Spencer and Mayberry among them. With Ron LeFlore, then of the Tigers, on first, Spencer, a Yankee, once instructed his pitcher to throw over eight times in a row. LeFlore didn't even notice that the eighth time Spencer kept the ball, and when LeFlore stepped off, Spencer had him. Mayberry uses a different ap-

proach. "Big John is so nice and easy-going," says Grich, "you don't suspect anything when he asks you to take your foot off the bag to kick the dust away—until he tags you."

Grich was exaggerating, but he wasn't far from the truth. Mayberry once nailed a Minnesota rookie by asking him to step off the base for a minute so Mayberry could use the bag as a prop while tying his shoe. Mayberry took his glove off—with the ball in it—hee, hee!—and while lacing up, he tagged the rookie.

But you don't have to be an experienced hand to pull it off. Kansas City's young shortstop, Tim Lincecum, did it to Cincinnati 10-year veteran Larry Bittner in a spring training game this year, killing a Reds rally in the 11th. After receiving a relay throw from the outfield, Ireland kept the ball in his glove instead of returning it to the pitcher. A few moments later he simply sneaked up behind Bittner, who was leading off second, and tagged him out to end the inning. "It's just a logical thought process," said Ireland. "You play all your life and see guys off base. No big deal."

Then there is the Goodrich Blimp School of Trickery. Last year in a game between the White Sox and the Yankees, Chicago rookie Outfielder Rusty Kuntz was on first when Alan Bannister hit a ground ball just inside the first-base line. Yankee First Baseman Bob Watson scooped up the ball and touched first. In the meantime, Shortstop Fred Stanley signaled to Kuntz, who had left with the pitch, to hold up because the ball was foul. As Kuntz casually walked back to first he was tagged out to complete the double play. "I couldn't even be mad at Stanley," said Kuntz. "It was brilliant." Kuntz was soon sent down to the minors for more seasoning. Chris Speier of the Expos tried the same thing on the Cubs' Mick Kelleher a few years ago, and Kelleher didn't think it was brilliant. "I thought it was bush," he said.

Catchers have their own bag of tricks. They'll try to coax strikes from the umpire by ever-so-smoothly pulling their gloves into the strike zone as they catch a pitch that's a bit off the plate. Gary Carter is highly, or lowly, regarded for his deftness at this, as are Jim Sundberg, John Stearns, Bob Boone, Steve Yeager,

Joe Feiginson, Barry Loefer, Johnny Bench and Rick Dempsey. Art Kuznyer, a former catcher and the bullpen coach of the White Sox, reveals how it's done. "Jerking the glove sideways or pulling it down won't work. The ump won't fall for it. But if I caught a pitch on the corner with the palm facing out, I'd flick my wrist and turn the glove in, so it would be perpendicular to the pitcher. It was just an illusion, but it helped sometimes."

Catchers also have no qualms about doctoring the ball for their pitchers. Birdie Tebbets used to wear thumbtacks in his shin guards for those very special occasions, and the late Elston Howard would help Ford, when the heat was on, by putting mud in the ball's seams or scratching it on his shin guards. Kuznyer claims that he could scuff a ball simply by scooping up a low pitch and slamming it off the ground quickly so that the umpire wouldn't notice. "I've also loaded up for pitchers," says Kuznyer. "A little K-Y jelly on the forearm just above the wrist."

Catchers also chatter to throw a batter's concentration off. Thurman Munson was very good at this, as was Ray Fosse. "Thurman would talk a little rough at times," says Fosse. "My psych was praise Brooks Robinson, I remember, came to bat once, and I said, 'Here's my idol, the greatest third baseman in the history of baseball. I love your style. You're poetry in motion.' He turned around and threatened me."

When you're talking to the catcher or the first baseman, it's hard to concentrate on the third-base coach," says Al Oliver of the Rangers. "But then, you don't want to seem antisocial."

Outfielders don't get as many opportunities for trickery as infielders and catchers do, but they do the best with what comes their way. Sometimes an outfielder will try to freeze a base runner by pretending he's about to catch a fly ball even though he knows he can't reach it. One of the cagest outfielders is Milwaukee's Gorman Thomas, who says, "I've worked that maybe 10 times. I was taught by the master, Ken Berry. The reason I learned my lesson so well is that he put a decy on me when he was with the Angels. I was on first base and a blimp was hit to center. I froze, and he caught me by 85 feet." Berry is also legendary for carrying an extra ball in his back pocket.

Continued

When Berry was with the White Sox, the story goes, he once leaped for a home run that made it into the first row of outfield seats. Berry didn't catch the ball, but he did pull the second ball out of his pocket and hold it up. The umpire ruled it a catch. Cub outfielders have been instructed to pretend they've lost the ball in the Wrigley Field vines. That way, sure triples become ground-rule doubles.

Most outfielders say that short-hopping a ball so that it looks as if it was caught is more an accident than an art form, but Coach Joe Nieseck of the Indians actually tells his charges to look up the ball after shoestringing it on the off chance that the umpire might be fooled. "Sometimes it's justice," says Nieseck. "You get enough of those to make up for the catches that they mistakenly rule as traps."

ET CETERA

Nieseck is also the acknowledged master of that most arcane of baseball skills, sign-stealing. "Nieseck probably knows our signs better than we do," said Bill Mazeroski, a Mariners coach last summer. "Sign-stealing is really a misnomer," says Nieseck. "It's nothing more than educated guessing. You watch the opposing third-base coach, and then check out the manager, and things start falling into place. For instance, if you've been watching a team the first two games of a series and it hasn't tried anything in the way of stealing or the hit-and-run, and then you suddenly pick up a whole new series of signs, well, you just assume the runner's going, and you call a pickoff. If I'm right on 50 percent of my piousness, I figure I'm doing pretty good. I'd trade a ball for an out any time."

"I learned an awful lot from Gene Mauch when I coached under him at Minnesota. Plus, I picked up a lot of tips from other players. I'd trade tidbits of information. In general, a team's signs will follow the same pattern throughout the season. Eventually, you build up a pretty good book," Nieseck is also good at anagrams and crossword puzzles.

There are more nefarious ways of stealing signs. When Martin was managing the Rangers, he was suspected of relying on electronics. He's said to have had a closed-circuit camera installed just beyond the centerfield fence in Arlington Stadium. The camera was hooked up to

a television set in Martin's office, and a player, usually Jim Fregosi, would decipher the catcher's signs. When Fregosi had the code broken, he'd relay his findings to Martin via walkie-talkie. Martin would then be able to tell the batter what was coming by whistling or yelling a prearranged phrase.

But some batters don't want to know what's coming. Norm Sherry, a coach with the Expos, remembers a game against the Cubs in 1978. "Larry Cox was catching, and he was putting his signs down so low that I could see every one from the third-base box," Sherry says. "I told the guys, 'I've got all his signs.' Nobody wanted them."

Some clubs have trick plays. The White Sox will sometimes switch cutoff men on balls hit to the outfield to confuse base runners. First Baseman Mike Squires will move toward the mound as if he's going to cut off the throw, then circle behind the runner and take the throw at the bag. Sometimes they catch the runner in a rundown between first and second. Conversely, the Expos use a base-running play called the Sleeper Rabbit, thought up years ago by George Moriarty, third baseman on the Ty Cobb Tigers. With runners on second and third, the man on second takes his time walking back to second after the first pitch. By doing it a second time, he hopes to induce the catcher to throw to second. But just as the catcher releases the ball, the runners break for home and third. The Orioles have a special base-running play of their own known as "the faked play." The purpose is to score a run from third by having a runner at first draw a throw from the pitcher. The play, which is practiced during spring training in secret, has been used successfully in recent years against Cleveland, Chicago and Boston.

For some tricks, there is an equal and opposite re-trick. Carew, among others, doesn't like to be fenced in by the batter's box. He erases the back line of the box, so he can plant his rear foot pretty much wherever he wants. But then, some pitchers don't even bother to touch the rubber. One member of the Cub staff says he digs a deep hole in front of it and pushes off from there while in the stretch. "It gives an extra foot to my fastball," he says.

Occasionally, a pitcher will try to cheat on his pickoff move, but that's one trick umpires are always on the lookout for. "The important thing is to be consistent," says Pitcher Dave Roberts of the New York Mets, "or else the umpire will call you for a balk." Roberts suggests that a pitcher with a particularly good pickoff move confer with the umpires before the game or even in spring training, just to let them know what to expect. Pirate Rehever Enrique Romo has a very good pickoff move to first, but he's always being called for balks because he doesn't communicate with the umpires. When called for a balk, he gets angry and the umpires only get angrier.

Chicanery isn't confined to players, coaches and managers. Sometimes, the home-team groundkeeper gets in on the dirty dealing. In Kansas City, George Torma makes the batter's box extra large because the Royals like to stand well back. In the early '70s, when the Tigers were very slow, often, the Detroit ground crew would water down the base paths, particularly the takeoff area next to first, to neutralize the speed of opposing teams. By the same token, fast teams keep hard, fast tracks. Clubs that still play on living fields and have a lot of sinkerball pitchers keep the grass high to slow down ground balls. Good bunting teams keep the foul lines tilted inward. Artificial turf has taken much of the fun out of groundkeeping.

Baseball has come some way from the days when the turn-of-the-century Baltimore Orioles would grab hold of runners' belts to delay their departure from a base or take a shortcut between first and third when the umpire—and there was only one on the base paths at that time—had his back turned. But the rule of thumb still is, if you can get away with it, do it. The fiercest competitor of all, Ty Cobb, once coached in a high school all-star game in Chicago opposite Babe Ruth. Cobb, who had the West team, delivered an impassioned speech to his players about fair play and sportsmanship. Then the players took the field for a workout. Cobb stood behind the catcher and watched his throws. "Very good," said Cobb. "But here's a little trick for you. Just before the pitcher throws, grab a handful of dirt, and after he throws, flip the dirt up into the batter's eyes." **END**

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FRESH AIR

Sir

Your March 30 issue goes down in my book as one of the best. The coverage of the NCAA basketball playoffs was insightful and humorous. The article on Johnny Bench helped me to understand his demands. But the most uplifting stories were those on Mike Newlin, Ronnie Darling and Chris Landry. At a time when athletes seem to have become money-hungry tradesmen selling themselves to the highest bidder, it's gratifying to read of the dedication to excellence of Newlin, the emphasis on sport in its proper perspective by Darling and Yale President A. Bartlett Giamatti, and the purity of the challenges that Landry sees in sport. Thank you for a breath of fresh air.

PETER C. SEMBY
Holland, Mich.

Sir

It was great to see Mike Newlin of the New Jersey Nets receive the recognition he so richly deserves ("Genius Is Perseverance in Disguise"). He typifies the exuberance of NBA players of days gone by. It's like a fresh burst of spring to see his enthusiasm. He's surely the Pete Rose of basketball.

CRAIG WEINSTEIN
Columbia, N.J.

Sir

I thoroughly enjoyed Douglas S. Looney's article on Mike Newlin. However, for the sake of historical accuracy, your readers should know that when Newlin is in Washington, D.C., he must travel farther than Arlington National Cemetery to visit the grave of Robert E. Lee. Lee is buried in Lexington, Va. (about 185 miles southwest of Washington) on the campus of Washington & Lee University. After the Civil War, Lee served as president of what was then Washington College, and he and members of his family are buried in Lee Chapel.

PAUL SIMPSON
Washington & Lee '76
Pocahontas, Va.

YALE'S DARLING

Sir

I thoroughly enjoyed I rank Deford's marvelous feature about Yale's Ronnie Darling (*A Desire to Excel*). More than anything, it was a pleasure to see an article showing that as wrong as it is to condemn the Michigan and USC's as mere sports centers, it is equally inaccurate to categorize Ivy League schools as intellectual monasteries.

What Deford, himself a Princeton graduate, didn't include is that among the proposals of Yale President Giamatti that "re-

lated a good many alumni" were: 1) that the Ivy Group cease to think of postseason competition as a natural or necessary element of varsity athletics, and 2) that the Group cut back the schedules of practice and play. This led almost directly to an Ivy-wide banning of fall lacrosse and baseball practice to go with the existing taboo on spring football workouts and other non-seasonal practices.

Giamatti's reasoning, to paraphrase, is that an Ivy title should be goal enough for an athlete and that the pressure of preparing for any further steps, such as a national tournament, is injurious to Ivy principles and the education of Ivy students.

While I commend Giamatti's and the Ivy Group's motives, I disagree with this particular reasoning. Ivy members, and colleges in general, should allow the development of an extracurricular interest to be as important to the student as he wants to make it, and this means, in my opinion, letting one's abilities take one as far as possible. If, as was the case two years ago, Penn has one of the best basketball teams in the country, why not let the players go out and prove it, and in the process learn more from the experience than they could possibly have gained from the classes that were missed or the homework that didn't get done?

If restrictions are to be imposed on athletics in the interests of education, similar restraints should be put on other activities. Limit orchestra rehearsals to five months a year and restrict private piano practice to 10 hours a week. Permit students only one retreat a year. I'm being facetious, but the point is that Ronnie Darling is as much the model college student as is the future Nobel Prize-winning biochemisty major.

TODD FRIEDMAN
Princeton '83
Princeton, N.J.

BENCH MARKS

Sir

Thanks for the superb article on Johnny Bench (*Johnny Goes Job Hunting as a Tight Market*). His 1980 statistics—"24 homers and 68 RBIs in only 360 at bats"—average out to one home run in every 15 at bats and one run batted in every 5.3 trips to the plate. Not bad. Bob Horner, Reggie Jackson and Mike Schmidt averaged one home run for every 13.2, 12.5 and 11.4 at bats, respectively.

I think Bench should be allowed to try out for some other positions—and to play them if he's better than the other guy. After all, what is the Reds' management afraid of?

JOHN WALL
Nashville

Sir

The positions Johnny Bench has asked to try out for are already held down by All-Stars or potential All-Stars. The best thing that could happen to Bench would be a trade to an American League club. Then he could be a designated hitter and catch no games. Between at bats, he could talk about his golf game, his television appearances and his megabucks salary.

MARK BAPS
Beaver, Ohio

TALKING IT UP (CONT.)

Sir

Jack McCallum's piece on baseball chatter (*Chatter*, March 16) was fun, especially because it presented me with an opportunity to exercise an ancient peeve. I always hated the mindless jabbering that was occasionally required of me as a schoolboy player. Neither the sullen-faced kids, mechanically droning the familiar jabberwocky, nor the aging tyrant who was insisting on it, realized that it was doing more damage to the psyches of the chatterers than to those of the chattered. In fact, as a batter, I found it actually useful: the musing chimes of "Hum babe" culminating in the invariable "Swing batter!" helped to focus my concentration on the pitch.

NED KRIEHL
Kailua, Hawaii

FOUL-WEATHER FRIENDS

Sir

As a football fan who would like to see the Super Bowl converted back to a championship game played on the home field of the finalists with the best record, regardless of weather conditions, I take strong exception to Tex Schramm's suggestion (*SCORECARD*, March 30) that the conference championship games be moved to neutral, warm-weather sites. Television has already taken much of the game away from the fan who goes out to the stadium in all weather year after year. This would be the final insult.

One of the main problems with the Super Bowl, which often is dull, is that it is played before a neutral crowd instead of an enthusiastic home crowd.

LESLIE K. TRILLER
Arlington, Va.

MICKY'S MESSAGE

Sir

The spirit and magnificence of Mickey Thompson were vividly portrayed by Bob Ottum in his article *Is There Life After Hot Rodding?* (March 2). What Ottum didn't tell your readers, however, is that besides the "go for broke" Thompson had a also a very considerate and caring Thompson.

continued

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15TH HOLE continued

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DORA PADILLA
Member, Board of Education
Alhambra City Schools
Alhambra, Calif.

SHE HIT THE SPOT

Sir:

Your editorial comment in 19TH HOLE (March 16) concerning Carolyn Finneran neglected to mention that in her undergraduate days at Cornell the then Carolyn Evans was a superb springboard diver. As a former Cornell diver, I distinctly remember the times she worked out with the men's team in our very limited facilities, the birdbath of a swimming pool in the Old Armory. I also recall that she was the only woman diver ever to perform a "spotter."

ANDRÉ S. CAPEL, M.D.
Pompano Beach, Fla.

• Spotter, for those who may not know, is a tumbling term that refers to a backward or forward somersault that begins and ends on one spot. In this case, the diver lands on the board before diving.—ED

ALBIE'S STRIKEOUTS

Sir,

In "They Said It" (SCORECARD, March 16) Red Sox Pitcher Bob Stanley is quoted as saying of his children, whose names are Kyle and Kristin, "One more (K) and we'll have the inning over on strikeouts." I know someone who can go him one better. When former major league Outfielder Albie Pearson started a family, he wanted to "hit home runs" by having sons. He decided any daughters he had would be given names beginning with K, for strikeouts. After his at bats were over, his career average stood at .090 for Kim, Karee, Kandi, Kelli and Kristina.

I know this because I married strikeouts No. 1 (Kim). I guess you could say she made a hit with me.

DAVID A. CASS
Attorney-at-Law
Crystal Bay, Nev.

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